

Environmental spy



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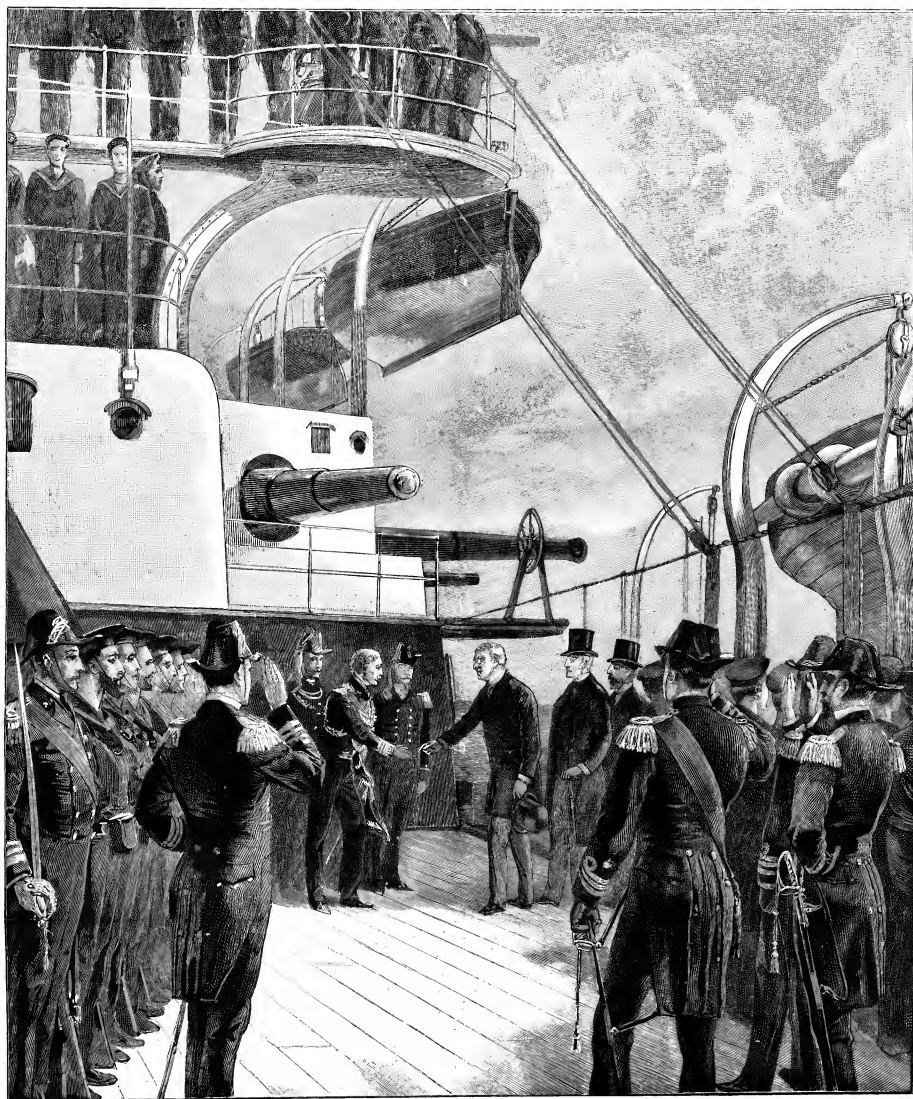
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THE ITALIAN SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH: RECEPTION OF ENGLISH ADMIRALTY AUTHORITIES ON BOARD THE "RE UMBERTO."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There have been some very fine crustled old jokes revived of late in connection with the giving up of souls, but they have not all been told yet. I have seen no mention of Lord Chancellor Erskine's remark to Captain Barry upon the subject. His Lordship had only enjoyed coffee a little while, and regretted the loss of office and its emoluments. When at his dinner-table the Captain, in answer to a question of how he had fared in the Polar seas, replied, "We lived on seals," Erskine observed, "And very good living too, you keep them long enough." The phrase "the seals" in the plural attached to this office arose, Mr. Croake James tells us, from there originally being two of them, one of gold and one of silver, but they were duplicates. There were never really more than one, except during the Civil War, when the King and Parliament had each their Great Seal, so Lord Chancellor never broke the rule of carrying it out of the kingdom except Wolsey, who sealed writs at Calais and was impeached in consequence. It is never out of that officer's personal custody, and he has to take it with him, I am told, when he has his Saturday to Monday journey. To counterfeit it, which has never been done, would really make a great sensation, is high treason. The Great Seal of the Commonwealth, "under which justice had been long administered, commissions granted to victorious commanders, treaties entered into with the most powerful nations, and which Charles I. had himself agreed to acknowledge, was the property of Charles II. brought to the House of Commons to be defaced. The Speaker laid it on the Clerk's table, and a snuff was sent for, who broke it in pieces while the House was sitting."

When the Great Seal is "broken" on the commencement of a new reign, it is the prerogative of the Chancellor. Greville tells us that Brougham remarked to the King (William IV.) that there was some doubt whether Lyndhurst ought not to have half of it, as he was Chancellor at his Majesty's accession. "Well," said the King, "a queer fellow," Greville replied, and so would I, "then I will judge between you, like Solomon. Here" (turning the seal round and round), "do you cry heads or tails." We all laughed, and the Chancellor said, "I take the bottom half." Then the King said, "Send for Bridges, my silver-smith, and desire him to convert the two halves each into a silver, with my arms on one side and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's the same, and both keep them as presents from me." The Mace was stolen from Lord Chancellor Field's house in Queen Street by Thomas Sadler, who was hanged for the offence, but Finch kept the seal under his pillow. Lord Lyndhurst, on the pretension, took the seal. Some thieves broke into his house in Great Ormond Street and captured it, and it was never heard of again. Such was party spirit in those days that Lord Loughborough actually represented the burglary as being a manoeuvre to embarrass the Government. The disappearance of the other diamantine object in the world would probably occasion the same amount of inconvenience—a reflection which perhaps caused that worthless monarch James II. to indulge in a grin when he dropped it into the Thames. He had passed the night, we are told, in burning all the writs, so that no Parliament should be assembled in his absence. He was very busy before going away, with the view of promoting the public service.

When Lord Eldon's house at Encombe was destroyed by fire he hurried into the garden with the Great Seal and buried it for safety in a flower-bed; "but," says Lord Campbell, "what between his alarm upon Lady Eldon's account and his admiration of the maids in their vestal attire, he could not remember the next morning the spot where the seal had been hid. You never saw anything so ridiculous as some of the wiser family then that walk probing and digging till we found it." Mr. James tells us that Lady Hardwicke (who had it with her husband a reputation for great economy) was actually charged with stealing the purse in which the Great Seal was kept, to work a counterpane. As a matter of fact the purse, highly decorated with the royal arms, is annually renewed, and is the prerogative of the Lord Chancellor. Availing herself of the custom, Lady Hardwicke caused these purses to be used as embroidery for one of their state-rooms at Wimpole. "Twenty of them completed the hangings of the apartment, a characteristic and proud heirloom to commemorate the founder of the family."

Although there is nothing new—and possibly much that is not true—in the Claimant's recently published "Confessions," they are by no means entirely worthless. Indeed, their very vulgarity and absolute want of literary skill are to some extent a recommendation of them. They prove that to impose upon a very large number of our fellow-creatures, and those by no means of the lowest class, no sort of knowledge or learning, wit or manners are necessary, but only impulse enough—*Faudace, et Faudace, et toujours Faudace!*

When a man asserts that he is a certain individual there is a general tendency to believe him: it is unusual that he should not be what he asserts himself to be; and to common-

place minds what is not usual is not welcome. There may be opponents to his statement, but opposition evokes partnership, and that is a thing which breeds and spreads like a river weed. Scepticism is by no means such an ordinary failing as credulity, and disengagement is with a certain class of persons the very salt of life. They cannot disengage, being deficient in the logical faculty, but they can do so. To persons who do not understand the mental condition of old Lady Titchborne her recognition of the impostor counted, of course, for much: it may take a wise man to know his own father, but as a rule mortals are not mistaken about their own sons. But even allowing for the effect of her evidence upon sensible people, the two great claims into which the country soon became divided upon the "Claimant" question were mainly "the classes and the masses," which gave the matter still more social importance. The sentiment that Arthur Orton was not given fair play because he was a butcher's son, though absurdly illogical, gave strength, or at all events numbers, to his cause. The opponents of Orton's claim were very contemptuous of their friends who thought there might be "something in it," and that set their backs up. These things all combined to help the impostor, who, indeed, did nothing for his own case; his evidence was generally worthless, and was actually fatal. But the wayward humors have exposed him, but that one of his people happened to be looking out of window and drew his attention to them. "That is Colonel So-and-So and Major So-and-So." Thus he was able to put their names right, and sent them away half convinced. His genuine adherents were all tarred with the same brush. The tide of civility, which would pass like the Tichborne trial for corroborating Carlyle's dictum about the "mothy fools"; but it was to the Claimant's own consummate impudence, and not at all to his intelligence, that he was indebted for such success as he had. One doubts whether in the history of imposture it ever succeeded in the same extent in any other matter. This would partly be because of the "slavery" of the lodging-house and the butler in a genteel family there is a wide gulf of difference. Miserable wages, hard work, wretched fare, and only too often ill-treatment are the lot of the one; good pay, easy work, excellent board, and the being held in high consideration are the lot of the other. They are not common ground, and far less common graces. It is not too much to say that from the point of view of personal comfort the one class is the most pitiable and the other the most enviable of human beings. The poor "slavery" has a mistress difficult to please and half-a-dozen lodgers impossible to satisfy; the butler has only to compute the length of his master's foot. He is better paid than many a curate, and has nothing to "keep up" except his shirt-collars. Between these two extremes there are two great classes, also divided very sharply from one another: the servants of people of small means and the servants of the well-to-do. In the latter class, as far as this latter class have their well-being in their own hands. A good servant in these days need never want a good place. If things are made too hard for him—which is very seldom—he has his remedy, and finds no difficulty in bettering himself. A thousand households are open to him. No "slavery" is to be found in a lodging-house, who could be a kitchen-maid in a gentleman's family. It is the want of connection, not of character, which condemns her to the former fate. Until lodging-house keepers—and lodgers—become more civilised and humane, it will always be a hard one. It is in the latter service that we are to find the greatest wrong. Where one character, through the malice of an employer, is not so good as it ought to be, there are a dozen given (to get rid of him) better than a domestic deserves.

The London and Provincial Domestic Servants' Union has "demonstrated" for the fourth year in Hyde Park without manifest apparent effect. The conditions of domestic service are, in fact, about the very last thing that can be settled by demonstration. Even Parliament cannot do much for it, beyond issuing a ukase against window-cleaning from the outside, and so forth: it is a very private affair indeed. Domestic service includes a good many rounds of the social ladder, as regards rank. It would partly be because of the "slavery" of the lodging-house and the butler in a genteel family there is a wide gulf of difference. Miserable wages, hard work, wretched fare, and only too often ill-treatment are the lot of the one; good pay, easy work, excellent board, and the being held in high consideration are the lot of the other. They are not common ground, and far less common graces. It is not too much to say that from the point of view of personal comfort the one class is the most pitiable and the other the most enviable of human beings. The poor "slavery" has a mistress difficult to please and half-a-dozen lodgers impossible to satisfy; the butler has only to compute the length of his master's foot. He is better paid than many a curate, and has nothing to "keep up" except his shirt-collars. Between these two extremes there are two great classes, also divided very sharply from one another: the servants of people of small means and the servants of the well-to-do. In the latter class, as far as this latter class have their well-being in their own hands. A good servant in these days need never want a good place. If things are made too hard for him—which is very seldom—he has his remedy, and finds no difficulty in bettering himself. A thousand households are open to him. No "slavery" is to be found in a lodging-house, who could be a kitchen-maid in a gentleman's family. It is the want of connection, not of character, which condemns her to the former fate. Until lodging-house keepers—and lodgers—become more civilised and humane, it will always be a hard one. It is in the latter service that we are to find the greatest wrong. Where one character, through the malice of an employer, is not so good as it ought to be, there are a dozen given (to get rid of him) better than a domestic deserves.

It is nearly a hundred years ago since poets went electioneering. Is it that the theme now ceases to inspire, or that the barbs are not remunerated, that we have no quibbles worth letting off? These columns, not intended for party but unkind and, are unfitted for this description of firework, but there are one or two poems in the recently published "Fillers of the Sand," which deserve to be read only for their literary excellence, but as a proof that political

verse may be good-natured as well as harmonious. One can hardly fancy even a partisan reading with anything but a smile the poem (a long way after Wordsworth) entitled "We are minus Seven," alluding, of course, to a not very remote division in the House of Commons. The poet meets a Ministry—

It was but three years old,
Already on its brow were sprout
Grey hairs among the gold.

And inquires where its original majority was gone to—

O! half a pair has gone away
To Kile, across the sea;
And some have joined us grieve to say,
The great minority.

The Parallels have snapped the link,
Macgregor's "s" has broken the chain;
And one is slinky on the drink,
And Gully's keeping order.

And round the churchyards one in ten
Times up his private gin,
And Osborne Morgan now and then
Dissents from Osborne Morgan.

And one, among the first to go,
Is Whip of gentle graces,
He left us sorrowing below,
And mounted to the spheres above.

There is a great deal more in this, enough to give a taste of the author's rare quality—a capacity for satirising one's political opponents with a wit that leaves no wound! Would that our Parliamentary contests could all be carried on with weapons that "carry no heart-stain away on their blades!"

A sham viscount has been sentenced to penal servitude for bigamy of a very complicated character: he found it possible in a Christian country to make himself the husband of eleven wives. This is a "record," and beyond doubt owing to the same class. Under these circumstances it is essential for those who are for ending the House of Lords to oppose themselves to female suffrage. There are many males, and even Radical males, who "dearly love a lord," but their love is "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine" compared with the adoration of the female for the same class. Under these, of course, a letter of patriotic women who despise the gaud and tinsel of a title, but who are not typical of the sex like those eleven who wanted to be viscountesses. A male recipient of a Birthday honour will never admit he cares about it; he says, "A title is nothing to me, but my wife is very pleased." When we reply, "Just so," we refer to the latter half of his statement. We have little doubt that he is pleased too, but we are sure his wife is. Among the lower middle class this feeling amounts to idolatry. A nephew who knew of this weakness in an aunt from whom he had expectations very nearly died in consequence of it. She was a little deaf, and when he put her into the London express at Swindon he whispered in her ear, with what she thought malicious exultation, "You have got a mannie in the carriage with you." This person was the only passenger, and all the way to the metropolis she suffered tortures of apprehension. He commented on her eccentricity. She credited him with half a dozen. At Paddington she fell almost fainting into her sister's arms, and with many sobs described what misery that wicked Tom had caused her. "The idea of my being shut up with a mannie for an hour and a half; it has seemed a year!" "But, my dear sister, I know the gentleman who got out of your carriage to-night; it was Sir William Wootton. Tom must have said a 'beronet,' not a 'mannie'." "Then I wish he wouldn't mumble so," said the aggrieved lady. She had lost a chance of ingratiating herself with a member of the aristocracy, and was almost as angry with her nephew as she had been before.

The last American invention is a door-knob which renders a latchkey superfluous. By turning the knob in the same manner as a auto-lock till the proper combination is secured the door is opened. The door is not locked, and it is possible even a little too much so, for the lock is "susceptible of a hundred thousand combinations, and he who does not know or has forgotten the proper one cannot obtain admittance." Until Local Option, at all events, has become law there will be a little difficulty with some people about remembering a combination of figures after dinner. When a prudent man gets into a growler he looks up at its number with the intention of recollecting it, but when he gets out without the bag he has left on the seat, he finds in nine cases out of ten that his executor Memory has refused to act; he knows that the door is locked, but he does not know the two and four among them, but that is all. If he falls in this, how much more likely is he to fail in recollecting a number which for safety's sake must be continually changed! He is not the only person in the house, and everyone else is in it must possess the secret, and it is ten to one that one of them will disclose it. It must therefore be like a watchword, continually being altered. Think of a gentleman in evening clothes in a heavy snowstorm turning the door-knob a hundred thousand times before he obtains the right combination! Most of us, as children, have possessed a "letter lock" to our money-box, and found it an insupportable nuisance to open; but a money-box can be broken open and a front door cannot.



SCENES FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

1. HELENA, *Act i. Sc. 1:*

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an enigma in destiny;
Then let us touch our trial patience.

4. PROLOGUE, *Act v. Sc. 1:*

Gentles, perhaps you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

2. OBERON, *Act ii. Sc. 3:*

What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take.

5. TITANIA, *Act ii. Sc. 1:*

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable shade do copy.

3. HELENA, *Act iii. Sc. 3:*

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in sooth, to mock me too!

6. MOONSHINE, *Act v. Sc. 1:*

This lantern doth the horned moon present.



THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT ON JULY 13: THE SCOTS GREYS GALLOPING PAST.

PERSONAL.

The most striking incident of the General Election is the defeat of Sir William Harcourt at Derby. To say this was unexpected by both sides is to put the general sentiment very inadequately. If there was a safe seat for the Liberal party anywhere, it was supposed to be Sir William's seat in the constituency which he has represented since 1880, when he was defeated at Oxford, after taking office as Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. The Derby disaster is ascribed chiefly to the energetic efforts of the licensed victuallers to overcome the astute and most conspicuous opponent with the Local Vote Bill. Sir William Harcourt at once cancelled his engagements to speak at several places, and it was rather hastily assumed that he meditated retirement from public life. His statement he has given on a euphatic denial, and as we go to press he has been nominated for West Monmouthshire, where the Unionist candidate was defeated at the last election by over 2000 votes.

Another striking feature of the election is the influence of the Independent Labour Party. They have no representative in the new Parliament. Mr. Keir Hardie has lost his seat in South-West Ham; but his nomination has polled enough votes in manufacturing centres to cause the Liberal party some serious losses. This is notably the case in London and at Halifax and Rochdale. So far Mr. Keir Hardie has failed to create a Parliamentary party; but his threats against Liberalism are not empty blunder. The decline of Mr. John Burns's popularity in Battersea was an ascertained party to the hostility of the Independent Labour Party, whose methods and men Mr. Burns has publicly criticised with characteristic directness.

The Italian royal visitor of England, the Duke of Genoa, who was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle on Friday, July 12, and in the evening of that day, on board his yacht the *Savoia* at Spithead, entertained the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, has made numerous personal friends among the English officers of the Navy and Army at Portsmouth, and in the course of his visit has made numerous public hospitalities offered by the municipality and people of that town. His Royal Highness is both cousin and brother-in-law to the King of Italy, being Prince Tommaso of Savoy, son of the late Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, a younger brother of the late King Victor Emmanuel; while his elder sister, Princess Margherita, married King Umberto in 1888, and is one of the most amiable and beloved of Queens. The Duke of Genoa, who is forty-one years of age, was educated in England, being first, in early boyhood, placed under the private tuition of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, in whose house he lived for some time, and afterwards sent to Harrow School. He is a Vice-Admiral of the Fleet of the Kingdom of Italy, having had regular professional instruction in the Royal Marine College, Genoa, and having, in 1889, commanded the corvette *Fregata Pionni* in a voyage round the world. He is married to a Bavarian Princess.

There is an appreciative and discriminating article on Stevenson in the new number of the *Edinburgh*. The writer is no fanciful admirer, and he complains that Stevenson dwells too much in the region of pure fantasy. Sometimes it is a fantasy which runs into the region of a sticky imagination, such as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." "We cannot evade the state of mind," says the *Edinburgh*, which could conceive such a romance and elaborate the conception." This is scarcely critical, for the same thing might be said with even greater force against Dante's "Inferno." But the tribute of the *Edinburgh* to "Kilnabuck" is a masterpiece of tact. It is so worded that no lover of Stevenson can complain. "Much of his life," it is said, was due to the "personal liking of his contemporaries"; but his contemporaries who knew him personally are very few, and their intimate association with him have been disclosed only since his death. When Stevenson's fame was established his personality was comparatively unknown to the world at large, and he devoured gossip every day about far inferior writers.

The attempt to murder M. Stambouloff is the most discreditable incident in the modern history of Bulgaria. The late Premier was set upon by a band of assassins only a few yards from the door of the Imperial Palace, after dining, and he was so brutally maltreated that he is not expected to live. This outrage, like the kidnapping of Prince Alexander, and the murder of M. Stambouloff's colleague, M. Delcheff, are, of course, a political motive. The ex-Premier is regarded still as the chief opponent of Russian policy in the Principality, and it is thought by some unscrupulous spirits that if he were once out of the way, the subordination of Bulgaria to Russian interests would be greatly simplified. That, at all events, is the universal opinion of the world, and it is a tragedy at Sofia. It places Prince Ferdinand in a very embarrassing position, for the popular indignation demands from him a statement of policy with regard to the Russian which may be very far from convenient at the present juncture.

The elder branch of that renowned historical English family of Elizabethan statesmen, the Cecils, whose skill in cautious and wise policy, and their sagacity a generation ago, did so much to Elizabeth and her James, has lost a respectable descendant by the death, at the age of seventy, of the Marquis of Exeter, Baron of Burghley, and Lord of "Burghley House, in the town." It is a sad loss to the late Marquis of Exeter.

Photo by Hulton and Fox.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

The Earls of Exeter, who did not become Marquises until the first year of the nineteenth century, have more frequently been christened William than any other family in the Peerage of Great Britain. In 1789 have borne the names of Robert or James. Their common ancestor was the famous William Cecil, Lord Burleigh or Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's Chief Treasurer; but it was his younger son, Robert Cecil, created Earl of Salisbury in 1605, whose abilities made him one of the most influential in our national councils, and his now living representative is again Prime Minister at this day. The late William Allen Cecil, Marquis of Exeter, at one time held an office in the Royal Household, and sat in the House of Commons from 1847 to 1867.

Mr. George Meredith was the chief guest at the quarterly dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club, which was held at the Bedford Bridge Hotel, a short distance from Mr. Meredith's house on Box Hill. For the first time in his life he made a speech, a very happy little speech, and a few graceful sentences were also delivered by Mr. Thomas Hardy, who shared with Mr. Meredith the honours of the occasion. Mr. George Gissing told a charming anecdote of Mr. Meredith's kindness to him in the days when the great novelist was a publisher's "reader," and when Mr. Gissing, then a young man, wanted what nature of "reader" this could be who showed such intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the work submitted to him. Mr. Edward Gifford, the president of the club, read some verses sent by Mr. Andrew Lang, and an amusing telegram came from Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was cricketing somewhere, and who challenged the Omarians to meet him at the club.

The death on Monday, July 15, of the Dowager Countess of Mar and Kildie, at the advanced age of eighty-three, revives an interest in one of the most extraordinary Peacock controversies for which the intricate laws of succession have provided opportunities. She was the wife of the twelfth Earl of Kildie, who claimed the ancient Earldom of Mar, which had been revived by Queen Mary at the close of the famous Regency. The twelfth Earl of Kildie died before making good his claim, which was, however, pursued by his grandson, who was opposed by Mr. Goodove-Eskine. It would be tedious to recapitulate the details of the controversy, which was decided by Parliament in this extraordinary manner: That the title was held to have been conferred twice, whereby the twelfth Earl became the twelfth Earl, and Mr. Goodove-Eskine the twenty-sixth Earl of Mar.

The unexpected death of Mr. Carrodus, the accomplished violinist, leader of the orchestra at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and at the Philharmonic, in the West End of London, has caused some interest in the Society's Concerts, as less that will be regretted by amateurs of perfect execution; his merits as a glib and accurate player have scarcely been surpassed. Notwithstanding his foreign aspect of his surname, which might have suggested that he was of German lineage, John Timothy Carrodus was an Englishman, born in January 1834, at Southwark, near Kenley, in the West End of London. His father was, like many Yorkshiremen, gifted with a natural love and talent for music; and, by the advice of some friends at Bradford, perceiving that the boy had a remarkable facility of that kind, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to Stuttgart, to study under the celebrated master Bernhard Molique. Having obtained high honours from Spohr and other eminent German musicians, he returned after several years to England, and appeared at the Bradford Festival in 1853. He has long held an eminent position in London, but of late years has seldom appeared as a solo player of the violin, but was author of several compositions for that instrument.

THE LATE MR. J. T. CARRODUS.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XVIII.—THE CROUCH OAK.

The old Crouch Oak on Walford Green is one of the sights of Surrey. It raises its gnarled and hollow trunk in the centre of the Play-Field, a most convenient place, and though decayed in its heart is reckoned still among the principal bounds of Kingmer Forest. Its girth at the height of a man's arms is over twenty feet. Beneath its spreading branches stands an upright stone of immemorial antiquity, which only the righteous wrath of a local archaeologist succeeded in preventing a few years since, from the modern desecration of a rubble inscription. This close combination of sacred tree and sacred stone is frequent and significant; it occurs all the world over, from Britain to the New Hebrides; it is found in India, in Syria, in Germany, in Ceylon, in civilised Rome, in barbaric New Guinea. Wherever the sacred tree spreads its brooding circle of welcome shade, there under its huge boughs the sacred stone bears witness to antique or still surviving rites of human sacrifice.

It is this, indeed, that gives our British Gospel Oaks their unique interest amid the public monuments of England. Alone among the temples of our old heathen faith they have outlived the overwhelming deluge of Christianity. In the south of Europe we have still the Puthenon and the columns of Pestum to testify boldly to the older creeds. In the north, where temples made with hands were rarer, where art had not learned to raise such colossal piles as Karnak or Deudraha, the sacred oak alone survived, and its venerable trunk, the most venerable cult of our ancestors. Even these, too, have been Christianised, in accordance with Gregory's well-known advice to Augustine. The holy sites of the ancient faiths, said the wise Pope, in his epistle, were still to be respected; but the demons who inhabited them were to be exorcised by the use of the Christian symbols, and the temples were to be sanctified to Christ worship. In accordance with this policy, a figure of the cross was marked upon the bark of the old sacred tree in Walford Play-Field, which thus became the Crouch or Cross Oak; for the Latin cross came first into our language under the true English form of *cross*, and only assumed its later pronunciation of *crucis* under northern influence. The sacred oak, therefore, not only carried the cross, but still carried the sacred haunts of native Celtic deities, became in the end those "Gospel Oaks," under which, at the annual beating of the bounds, the priest of the Crouch or Cross Oak, for the Latin cross, St. Luke or St. Matthew. Sometimes, indeed, hardly more than the memory of some particular episode in the history of the sacred tree now survives, as at Addlestone, near Chertsey, where there is also a crouch oak, chiefly famous at present from a local tradition that Wickliffe once preached under its canopy of branches. But the older folk and even the phlegm of the village schoolmaster, by the fact that deceptions of its bark taken internally, afford a well-known and almost world-wide fashion, are still considered by the girls of the village to operate as a love-charm.

The history of these ancient trees, so far as we can reconstruct it from the piecemeal evidence, is picturesque and singular. Originally, I believe, they were planted as symbols of the cross, and the presence of some barbaric christian; not a few of them, indeed—like the King's Oak at Tilford, near Farnham—still retain some title which recalls their royal or funeral origin. The sacred stone, which in every case seems once to have stood under their dense shade, was doubtless at first the standing-stone or grave-stone of the buried chief; though later it probably served as an altar, where the village sacrifice, like that offering of the lamb which till recent years was still torn to pieces on an anniversary festival in the Play-Field at Holme, in Devonshire. Every year, indeed, of the fact, the people of each village used once to perambulate their bounds, as at the Roman Terminalia, and offer up at each holy day and each terminus stone which formed the main altar of the human sacrifice. The victims were usually boys—most probably captives from neighbouring tribes or villages; failing that, they were "bought with a price" within the tribe itself from their own ranks. Traces of these customs survive all the world over, while the practice itself is closely bound up with the worship of Terminus and other boundary spirits. In late times, indeed, boys, however, though the habit of beating the bounds survived, the incidents that accompanied it were considerably mitigated. The ceremony at first was essentially an exorcism, or driving of evil spirits before the village limits; and the boys seem to have been slaughtered as boundary guardians in order that their ghosts might protect and maintain the local frontiers. They were afterwards, however, before being put to death, after a common superstition, so that their tears might act as a sympathetic rain-charm. But in later Christian days it began to be felt that to read the Gospel under the sacred oak of the boundary would sufficiently drive away all evil influences; and though the boys were still beaten at each terminus as a rain-charm, the practice of the human sacrifice was abandoned. In fact, it was commonly interpreted as a means of impressing the boundaries on their memories—a foolish guess of the usual meaning of the eighteenth-century rationalising type. Thus the Gospel Oak at Chertsey, where the practice was as the tree under which the Gospel was read at the perambulation of the bounds; the Crouch Oak at Addlestone has been the scene of the same practice, and the boys were reconstructed their original dedication to some ancient Celtic or Teutonic deity.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle on Friday, July 12, received the Duke of Genoa and some of the captains and other commanding officers of the Italian fleet, anchored at Spithead, with General Ferrero, the Italian Ambassador, and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty. In the afternoon of the same day her Majesty went to Aldershot Camp, accompanied by Princess Louise and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and was received there by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Queen dined and slept at the Pavilion, and on Saturday afternoon reviewed the troops assembled under the Duke of Connaught on Laffan's Plain; the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, was present. We give an illustration of this military spectacle. After the review her Majesty returned to Windsor. Her departure from Windsor to Osborne was fixed for Friday, July 13.

There was a performance of "Carmen" in French by Madame Calvé and other artists of the Royal Italian Opera, before the Queen and the royal family at Windsor Castle on Tuesday evening, July 16.

A State ball was given at Buckingham Palace by command of the Queen on Monday, July 15, attended by

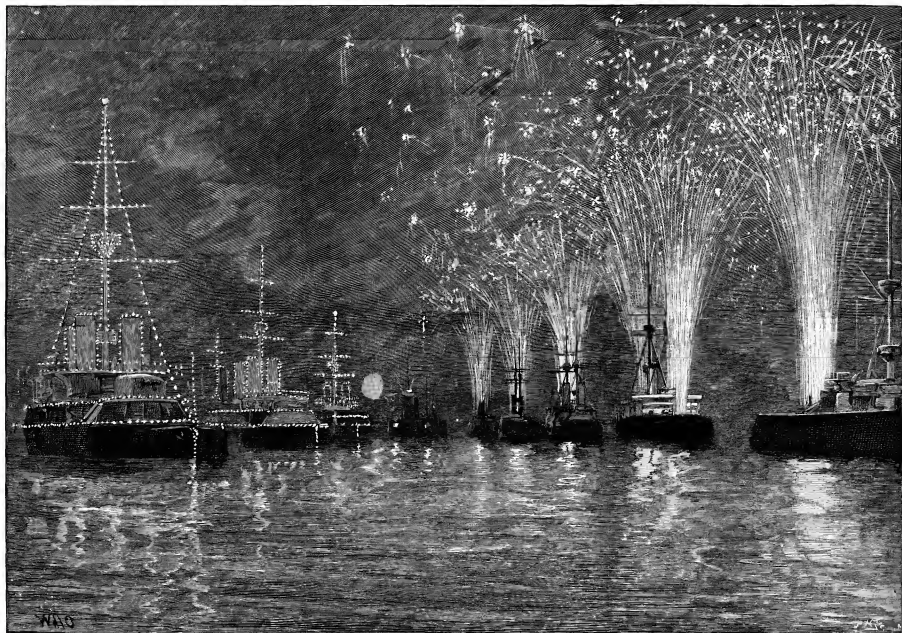
day Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) distributed, at the Royal College of Music, Kensington, the certificates earned at the London and Croydon centres of examinations under the Associated Board of that institution and of the Royal Academy of Music. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, also on Tuesday, laid the foundation-stone of the North Kensington Technical Institute, to be erected adjacent to the Public Library in Lancaster Road.

The Parliamentary elections, all over the United Kingdom, began with an extraordinary number of unopposed returns, for the metropolitan and some English provincial city and borough constituencies, on Friday, July 12, and on Saturday; while pollings took place in twenty-one contested boroughs on the latter day, resulting altogether in the return of eighty-four Conservatives, twelve Liberal Unionists, ten Liberals, and four Irish Parallels. Eighty-five members had been elected without opposition. The pollings on Saturday, especially at Derby, Manchester, Salford, Stockport, Lincoln and Darlington, were greatly in favour of the Unionist party; Sir William Harcourt lost his seat for Derby, where two Conservatives were returned; for East Manchester, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour got a largely increased majority over Professor Munro; and the Marquis of Lorne

same day, was very closely contested; the Army and Marines both made scores of 690; but the prize was adjudged to the Marines for having done best at the 600-yards' range. The Lanes Cup for Volunteers was won by the Surrey Brigade; the Chancellor's Plate by Cambridge University against Oxford. The Imperial Prize, restricted to officers of the Army and Navy, was gained by Warrant-Officer Thomson, of H.M.S. *Cambridge* Gunnery School at Portsmouth. On Saturday, July 13, the Elcho Challenge Shield was won by England, with a score of 1303, against 1479 for Scotland and 1412 for Ireland. The first prize and baton in the Prince of Wales's contest was won by Sergeant Magnay, of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of Northumberland Fusiliers. The shooting in the first stage of the competition for the Queen's Prize began on Monday, July 15, with nearly two thousand competitors.

The Harrow and Eton Schools' cricket-match was played at Lord's on Friday and Saturday, but ended in a drawn game at half-past seven in the evening. The Eton team had made 260 in the first innings, and 285 in the second, with two batsmen not out. Harrow scored 326 in the first innings, and 15 in the unfinished innings.

The anniversary, July 14, of the capture of the Bastille in Paris was celebrated as a Republican and national



ILLUMINATION OF THE COMBINED BRITISH AND ITALIAN SQUADRONS AT SPITHEAD, JULY 12.

From a Sketch by Fleet-Painter A. Yockney.

the Prince and Princess of Wales and others of the royal family.

The Queen held a Council on Tuesday, when the newly appointed chief officials of the Royal Household—namely, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward; the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain; the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse; the Earl of Coventry, Master of the Buckhounds; Lord Belper, Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms; and the Earl of Limerick, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; Lord Churchill and General Sir Michael Edulph, respectively as Lord and Green in Waiting, and Sir Charles Lennox Peel, as Clerk of the Council—entered upon their official duties. The Duke of Devonshire sat as President of the Council. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was present.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and the Crown Prince of Denmark, and with the Duke and Duchess of York, were at Sandringham from Wednesday, July 10, but on Friday, the 12th, the Prince of Wales went to Portsmouth to join in the reception of the Italian fleet, which is described among the subjects of our illustrations this week, with the official festivities at Portsmouth Dockyard upon that occasion. The Prince of Wales, from Saturday to Monday, was at Walden Manor, Bucks, on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

The Duke and Duchess of York on Tuesday attended the annual drill competitions of the London School Board scholars at the Royal Albert Hall, at which Lord George Hamilton presided; and her Royal Highness presented the prize banners to the successful competitors. On the same

was successful in unseating Sir Henry Roscoe in South Manchester. On Monday, July 15, there were unopposed returns for some counties, and pollings in about fifty towns or boroughs, fourteen of these being metropolitan; the Unionists gained sixteen more seats, and the Liberals only ten. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Cadie lost their seats at Bradford, and Sir J. T. Gilbert, another member of the former Liberal Ministry, at Oldham. Two hundred and four seats were then filled; a hundred and seventy-one by supporters of Lord Salisbury's Ministry. The next day elected ninety-three members to the new House of Commons, twenty-four by unopposed nominations, while the polling, except in Ireland, was still much in favour of the Unionists, who on Tuesday night could reckon upon having secured two hundred and thirty-one seats; the Liberals, Irish Nationalists, and Irish Parallels then numbering together but sixty-four. The county elections would make a difference. Mr. Arnold Morley, the late Postmaster-General, has lost his seat for East Nottingham.

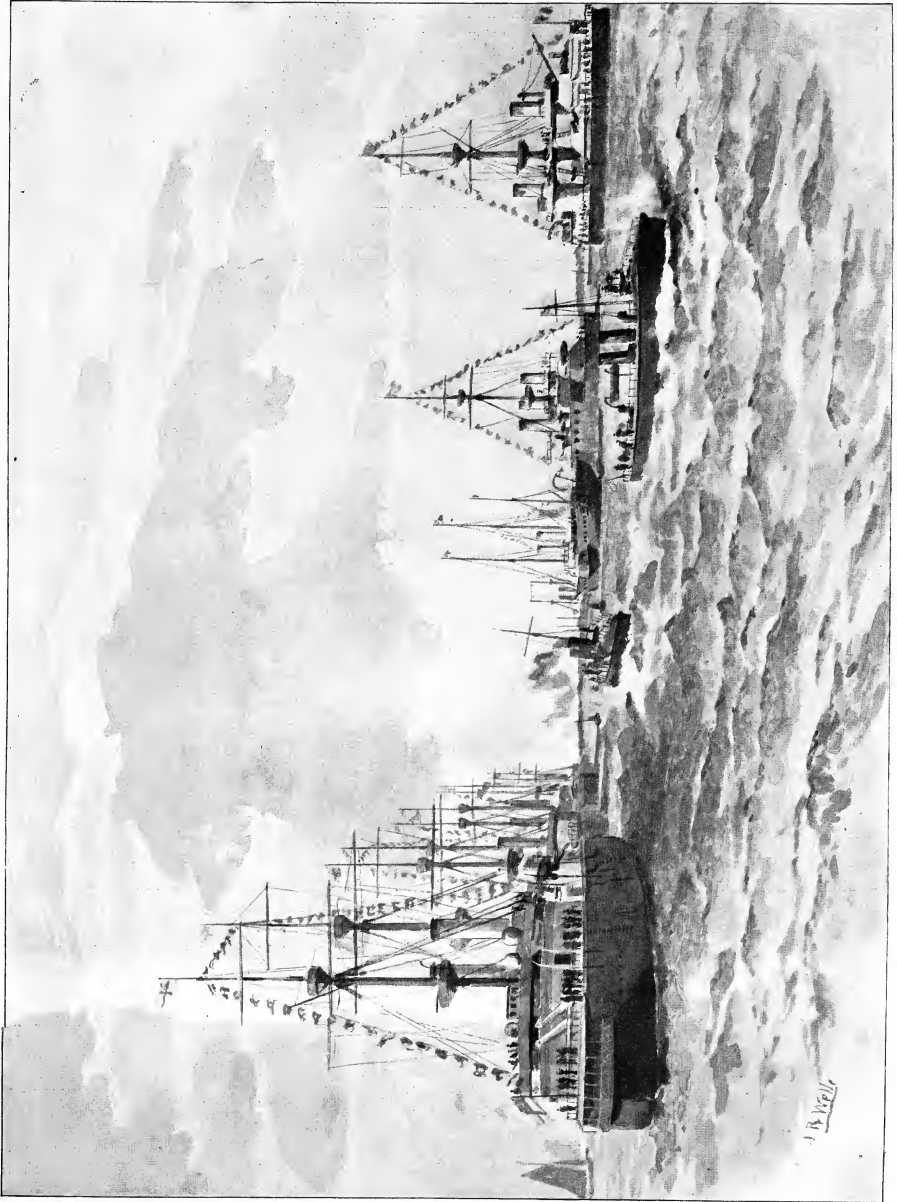
The Bisle meeting of the National Rifle Association, which began its active work on Tuesday, July 9, has been favoured with very fine weather; but the variable wind has often interfered with the shooting. On Thursday the Ashburn Challenge Shield for the Public Schools was won by the Charterhouse team, and the Spencer Cup by Lieutenant Hobson, of Harrow. The contest between the Mother Country and the Colonies for the Kolapore Cup on Friday resulted in the victory of the British team, its only competitors being those of Canada and Guernsey. The United Services Cup match between the Army and Navy, Royal Marines, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, on the

festival, but with no great demonstration of popular enthusiasm. The President of the Republic attended a military review at Longjumeau. The French Ambassador in London, Baron de Courcel, received a deputation of his countrymen resident in England, with an address to which he replied, expressing the desire for peaceable and friendly relations with this and all other nations.

In consequence of recent scandals from the Cross of the Legion of Honour being retained by M. Eiffel and other persons convicted of financial irregularities in the Panama Canal affair, the French Government has promised to introduce a Bill into the Chamber of Deputies for the reconstitution of the council and regulations of that Order.

The German Empire has a claim against Morocco for the detention of a steamer and her cargo on the coast of that country, and has sent a ship of war to enforce this claim, as well as compensation for the murder of Herr Roehm by some of the lawless coast tribes.

A shocking crime has been perpetrated in Bulgaria: the former Prime Minister, M. Stambouloff, the most able, honest, and patriotic statesman of any of the Balkan Principalities, was attacked by three ruffians in the street at Sofia on Monday evening, July 15, shot and lacerated with knives, receiving fifteen wounds, and there is scarcely any hope of his life. The condition of Bulgaria under M. Stambouloff's Government is described as being very disorderly, and there are fears of a revolution, or of some foreign interference. The Macedonian revolt seems to have been put down.



Andrea Doria.

St. Vincent.

Battleship of the Line.

Tarpeia-Bot.

Orons (Bogal Yacht).

Tarpeia-Bot.

Regulus.

Empress of India.

Royal Sovereign.

H.M.S. Resolution.

INSPECTION OF THE ITALIAN SQUADRON AT SITTHEAD BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON JULY 13: EVOLUTION OF THE TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

INSPECTION OF THE ITALIAN SQUADRON AT SITTHEAD BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON JULY 13: EVOLUTION OF THE TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

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ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

From the Private Papers of Mangan O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa.

CHAPTER IV.

Now to begin again where I left off, which was upon the day that I first heard that Soaly Shamus had got out of jail again. As soon as that day had grown a bit older, and I had finished all I had to do—Wooden-Sword having departed long before on his own affairs—I walked across the heather to call on Sir Thomas Carew, going to Mangan Castle by the main road, which takes you up the avenue, and so to the front of the house, and meaning to come back by the other path, which, though a bit further round, is also the pleasanter walk.

When I reached the hall door and rang the bell, it was answered by the new English footman—John Mutton, I think they told me his name was—who informed me that his master was in his study, and accordingly I followed him there along the passage.

Sir Thomas calls it his study, but to me it seems much more like a cabinet of curiosities, or olio of oddities, or something of that sort; indeed, since he's been to Italy and his purchases have come home, the whole house—especially the newer parts of it—is so crammed up with statues and pictures and coins, and Roman emperors' heads, and such-like lumber, that a plain man hardly knows how to move about, or where to lay his hat down.

I found Sir Thomas lying at full length on the sofa on account of his gout, but surrounded as usual with papers and pamphlets, and all sorts of big important blue-looking documents, his bad foot tied in flannels, and lifted upon half-a-dozen pillows, I suppose to ease it.

I always endeavour myself, and I always make everybody that I have anything to do with, speak of Sir Thomas with the greatest respect, as, of course, everybody should, he being a magistrate and a member of Parliament, as well as the principal proprietor out-and-out in the barony. At the same time I must own there are moments when it's all I can do to keep my own gravity with him, and I doubt if anyone could have helped laughing, inside himself, at any one, who had seen the face he put on, and the way his mouth grew wider and wilder, and his eyes opened till they seemed to be as round as two gooseberries, when I told him that Soaly Shamus the Whiteboy wasn't hanged one bit, but was as well as ever he was in his life, and, moreover, out of jail again.

"Out of jail!" cried he, sitting up on the sofa, and pushing his wig back, so that one half of his head was left smooth; "my God, Colonel Driscoll, don't tell me such a thing! It's not the truth! It couldn't be!"

"I am sorry to say it is," said I.

"Out of jail! Why, damme, Sir! it was only ten minutes ago that I was looking at that clock and thinking that he must be safely hung by this! Only ten minutes ago, Sir, damme!"

"Hanged he is not then," said I, "and out he is, and what's more, away from Clonmel and up at his old quarters in the Coneraghs, I hear. And a very awkward place to get at him it is, too, as the soldiers know to their cost."

Sir Thomas leapt right up from the sofa at that, and went hopping up and down the room, with his wig growing crooked and crooked every minute, and half over his ears by this time. There was a pier-glass just behind him, with two marble figures set out in front of it—they were female ones and naked, so I suppose they were goddesses—and I could see the bald top of his head bobbing up and down between them, for all the world like a billiard ball. He is such a precise-looking little gentleman when he's not excited, and so well covered as to his bones, that any special disturbance has a sort of unnatural look upon him; whereas a man like myself, lean in the body and scarred over the face, too, with old wounds, seems to be meant somehow by nature to be in troubles of one sort or another. Indeed, as I looked again and saw the two of us side by side in the pier-glass behind that pair of white marble hussies, it struck me that we looked for all the world—though the comparison is scarce as respectful to Sir Thomas as I might wish—like the pictures of the knight and the squire in the famous Spanish romance.

"I tell you, Colonel Driscoll, the thing is an impossibility. I can't believe it, and I don't believe it, and—what's more, I won't believe it!" cried he. "Why, he was sentenced, Sir—sentenced by myself and the other gentlemen of the Grand Jury only last Thursday so'nigh; sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, and his body divided in four quarters, one quarter for each of the gates of Clonmel!"

"I am afraid then you'll have to believe it, Sir Thomas," said I, "and you'll find that his quarters are all in their natural places, for, to tell you the truth, I've spoken with someone that actually saw him escape."

"Saw him escape!" screamed he. "Saw the villain escape and did not arrest him?"



"And if I like to get wet why mayn't I get wet?"

"Well, as he was only one, and they were six or seven, it wasn't to say very likely he'd do that," said I.

I felt at once that it was stupid of me to have admitted that I had seen someone who saw him escape, and I was desperately afraid Sir Thomas would ask me next who it was that had seen him, but he only took his head in his two hands and began shaking it to and fro, groaning, as if the gout had got up there.

"The country is in the most damnable state," cried he—"the most damnable state

I ever remember it day. What is a quiet man and a Justice of the Quorum, and a Deputy Lord Lieutenant to do when such things as these happen and nobody is hanged for them? Those soldiers, Sir—those soldiers of Colonel Maclean's—they ought to be hanged if nobody else is! What were they about that they didn't knock the bloody villain in the head when they caught him and so have saved us any further trouble. Jail? What's the use, I ask you, of putting anyone in jail when everyone knows there isn't a single one in the whole country that isn't rotten?"

"Very little indeed," said I.

"He'll have his gung about him again before we can say 'Knifin'!" cried he, hopping back to the sofa, and sitting down on it in a heap.

"'Tis likely enough," replied I.

"And the Levellers will be out, too, all over the country, hounding the beasts and tearing up the boundaries."

"Indeed, 'tis much to be feared," said I.

"And worse! Hell and furies!—worse! Give me your advice, Colonel Driscoll. My God! what am I to do? Those cursed abduction men will be at their work again. As long as Sany Shamus was on the road to be hanged and his hand broken, they were cowed, but now every petty blackguard in the whole country will be laying his plots and his plans, and looking to them to help him. And as to getting them locked up in jail before-hand, out of harm's way, as they ought to be, why, it isn't to be thought of, for who'd give you any information? 'Tis a frightful thing, I tell you, Sir—a frightful thing to be responsible, and to have to keep order in a country where the law has made itself so detested that half the decent fellows consider it a point of honour to go against it."

"That's an uncommonly true remark," said I.

Sir Thomas looked a bit put out at this, as if he hadn't meant to say quite so much, or had forgotten for the moment whom he was speaking to. He was in too great a flutter, however, to be stopped, or to go off on a new tack, and presently he began hopping up and down the floor again, holding his foot up, which looked, in its wraps, about as big as a baby's cradle.

"I see it all, Colonel Driscoll, I see it all just as plainly as if it had happened already," cried he. "My girl will be carried off before my very eyes. Look at those windows there, Sir! Look at all those cursed doors and windows! How are they to be defended! I should like to know? They're inviting, positively inviting any villain to come in! My God, what am I to do? You are a military man, and ought to be able to help me. Shall I send down to the barracks and get Colonel Madden to lend me a sergeant and four file of soldiers to protect the castle?"

"It seems to me that there's someone else in Colonel Madden that would do a deal more towards protecting Miss Alicia than Colonel Madden any day," said I significantly.

The minute that word was out of my mouth Sir Thomas stopped dead short in the middle of his hopping, and laid his foot down to the ground, and his head up in the air as stiff in a moment as any ramrod.

"Thank you, Colonel Driscoll, thank you, but I think I have told you several times already that on that matter my mind is made up, *unshakably* made up, and that I require no advice," said he, as strong as you please in a moment. "When I desire to consult you about my family arrangements, Colonel Driscoll, I will say so, but I am thankful to say that at present I do not require to consult you nor any other person whatsoever upon that subject."

"Oh, very well, Sir," said I, "pray don't think for a moment that I wish to interfere in any of your private concerns. I merely imagined that you did me the honour to ask me how you were to hinder Miss Alicia from being carried away."

"So I do, Sir, so I do."

"Very well then, sure you know just as well as I do that if she was once safely married you might snap your fingers at all the abductions and all the couple-beggars in Ireland, seeing that marriage, and nothing less than marriage, is what they're after, that's the getting hold of a young lady's fortune, which they hope to secure by the means of it."

Now, of course Sir Thomas knew this just as well as I did—for who doesn't?—but when he got those notions of his own greatness and grandeur into his head the devil himself wouldn't hold him, nor too much of him.

"Thank you, Colonel Driscoll," said he again. "Thank you, Sir, I'm obliged to you, extremely obliged!"—in a tone which showed that he meant the very reverse—"friendship is all very well, Sir, and I think you have always found me a good friend, willing to communicate with you what you are, although unfortunate in your creed and your choice of allegiance. Personally, Sir, *personally* you will observe, I am perfectly willing to admit you upon the level of an equal. At the same time allow me to state that my own affairs are my own affairs, and I will allow no one, not though he were the Lord Lieutenant of all Ireland, to meddle with them. With the fortune I have to leave to my daughter, and with the interest that I can command with the Government, I look to a very different alliance for her, Sir, from the one to which you allude. The heiress of Mangan Castle, let me tell you, is not going to be

thrown away on any trumpery Captain in a marching regiment, and so I beg you once for all to understand."

"Oh, very well, Sir Thomas," said I, "you know your own affairs best, of course. Mangan Castle has seen a good many queer things in its time, and, maybe, it will see a few more yet before all it's said and done."

This was rather a cruel thing, perhaps, to say to a man as sacred as he was; but I own I was a bit nettled by some of his last observations. And as for that influence of his with the Government that he is always talking about, what does it mean but just his selling his votes to them in the Parliament, which is a sort of transaction that seems to me—though I don't set up to be a moralist—must be a dirty business at best, and not at all becoming a gentleman born. For, though the Curwys did only come over in Elizabeth's time, and were no great shakes then still, that, after all, is some time ago, and I should be sorry to set them down as anything but genteel folk and bred by this.

However, I know that it was just waste of time to say any more to Sir Thomas in his present mood, so I bid him "Good evening," and went off, leaving him to digest the news about Sany Shamus as he could, which was not at all well, it appears, for he had the worst fit of gout ever he has had since, and was none the wiser, but now every Doctor Gallagher in attendance, not able to put a foot to the ground for a fortnight afterwards.

I couldn't help reflecting within myself as I walked away, as I've often reflected before, what an extraordinary thing it is that Sir Thomas, like Thomas—not a fact at all, as everyone knows, but on the contrary an undoubted fact—shrewd man in many ways, and with a wonderful head, I believe, for money matters—should never seem to get to understand the country he lives in and belongs to, no more than if he had never seen it, or had been born deaf and blind. Always the same thing; always working himself up into a fandango over some piece of Mathematics or other, like this notion of his about abduction, and never seeing for himself, no, nor believing if anyone else tells him, when there's really bad troubles coming upon the country.

It must be—at least I can't think of any other reason—the unnatural way they're brought up with their English schools and colleges, and everything that makes these high Protestant gentry so out of all nature unreasonable, and the never hearing a single word of truth from the hour they are born, but being always covered up with lies and folly about their own grandeur, till they really come at last to believe that they haven't got the same sort of blood and bones in their bodies as other people. Whatever the reason of it is, and I can't undertake to explain it, there's no doubt about the fact itself, and a very serious and dangerous thing it is to my mind. I don't think, however, myself, coming back with fresh eyes to the country, a stranger, and yet at home, living in the midst of the people and neither richer nor of more importance than they, though treated—Heaven bless them for it—as if able to make them all kings and emperors to suit a man, meaning nothing, it does seem little short of madness, the foolish talk he has to listen to, and the foolish topography ideas that get taken up by everybody—English or Irish alike—that have anything to say to governing the country.

For the best of the joke is that this very Sir Thomas Curwys has the greatest reputation that ever was in the world for knowing Ireland, and especially for knowing this province of Munster better than anyone ever did yet, unless he had made it himself and invented it right out of the very beginning. So sure are we of his going to Dublin, if it's only passing through, he must be sent for by the Lord Lieutenant to be consulted how the Government is to be carried on; and the same thing in London itself, my Lord (Chatham) that was, and my Lord (Canning) that is, and Prime Minister, sending for him to ask his advice, and writing down most particularly on his advice. Even the new King I heard—the wild man, poor, ignorant young man!—wishing to see him privately in order to consult with him as to the best way of keeping us terrible audacious Papists in order, and of governing and pacifying everybody and everything.

Pacifying indeed! God help such pacifiers as I, and keep Ireland free of them! 'Tis enough, I declare, to make a man who loves his country and yet has no quarrel with England either, only wishes and wants to see the two of them going on together decently and peaceably—enough, I say, to make him even wish his black in the face when he thinks of it, and see how soon it may be too late, if affairs go on much longer the way they're doing at present, and have been for the last forty or fifty years. For the worst and most hopeless part of the whole business is that if by any extraordinary chance anybody should ever, or gets put into power, *that* does see what the people want, and *does* begin to have some glimmering of sense in his head, so soon as that happens he's certain to be taken away, and some poor *pliggen* is sent over in his place that knows no more what Ireland is in need of than he'd be down sitting on his high chair, the phlegm Jupiter, or had been bred and grown up all his days in the town of Jerusalem!

However, what's the use of working oneself up into a rage? As I often say to myself, "Though you mayn't be aware of it, my friend, you're really at bottom

every bit as great a fool as those who you complain of, for what can be sillier than to excite yourself and upset yourself over what can't be helped? What good do you suppose you do by *that*? None, in the world that have your own life, and make yourself enemies. Moreover, how do you know, so mightily wise and far seeing as you imagine yourself to be, how do you know but what, if you had been born a Protestant—which, thank God, there wasn't much likelihood of—would have told his ever since you were born, how do you know but what you would have been every bit as bad, my friend, as the rest, and have understood no more of what was going on around you than the babe that has still to be born?"

So there it is, and there it always has been, and there, I'm much afraid it always will be, the world that have the power and could help, know nothing, only walk about in some sort of a fool's paradise, and those that do know the people and do know what's wanted have about as much power, as the old dem said long ago, as if they had come into existence out-of-the place of man. Anyway, my share in it can't be a very long one now, take it how one will, and so much the better, too, if only I could hope matters would mend some day or other after the daisies were beginning to get pink over my old bones in the poor country! And the poor, kindly common people, I God reward these last, any more than keep a good soft place for them in the next world, for the tender, loving hearts they have had towards those who can do nothing for them in this, not even keep them and their poor little children from starving! Foolish they may be, and ignorant, and foolish, I'm not saying they are, but I don't think they are, and however minute that they're not—but whatever they are and however foolish or however savage they may be, it's hardly for those who have always seen the best side of them, and the kindest side, and the bravest side too, hardly for them to think or speak ill of them. So God reward them once again, by I say, and if it was the Lord I had to say—well, it should be the last word and no other. For good hearts, and pitying hearts, ay, and for brave hearts, too—brave in the face of dangers that are a dead weight to have to face than drawn swords and loaded cannons—you may see the best side of them over and over and yet come back to find them here at home in Ireland. And that, mind you, is the opinion of a man who knows what danger is, and death too—death in uncommonly ugly and disagreeable forms—who may be trusted therefore not to exaggerate, but to know more or less what he's talking about!

CHAPTER V.

Well, I got out of Sir Thomas's room, and along the passage, and past the new drawing-room, all white marble and gilt and granger, and so to the front door, meeting with no one at all, so that I came back when I got outside, as I often do, just to take a look at the old castle rising up there behind the rest, and seeming as if it were saying to itself, "Here I am still, and the biggest and strongest part of the whole yet, though, of course, I'm out of date, and nobody thinks much of me now." I wondered after what he had just said about all the doors and windows whether Sir Thomas wouldn't perhaps as soon have had the castle just now as it was in my old grandfather Sir Pierce's time, when, at least, it might be strong enough to keep out of the way of any one; unless, indeed, they were to bring cannon against it, as Noll Cromwell, they say, did in the last war but one.

I had gone along the upper path which follows the top of the glen, with the river Anner running below it, and had come to where the old abbey stands at the very top of the bank, and was turning round towards the upper path, meaning to go home that way, when as I came round the corner of the wall who should I see but Captain Spencer, sitting all by himself in the middle of a big bush, not quite in the middle of it either, as I quickly perceived, but so that the side, so that the side was plenty of room for someone else to have been sitting there too, and to have slipped away into the bushes when my step was heard.

"Your servant, Captain," said I, stopping short and saluting him with my hand, "but two fingers' stretch we used to be in Austria. Your humble servant, Captain, and the crown of the evening to you! Is it a sonnet or a meditation among the tombs you are composing, may I inquire, that you sit there so pensively all by yourself?"

"Neither the one nor the other, I assure you, Colonel Driscoll," said he, getting up and coming towards me smiling, yet with that rather embarrassed sort of expression he often puts on. "And where have you come from, may I inquire in return, that you come strolling out of the shadows like the old king's ghost in the play?"

"I am come," said I, "from going to see what an uncommonly disagreeable piece of intelligence—namely, that Sany Shamus, the Whiteboy, is out of jail and that the Government have all their trouble about him to begin over again."

"I heard in 'Clonmel this morning,'" said he. "And how did Sir Thomas take the intelligence?"

"Faith, pretty badly," replied I. "He has been abusing your soldiers all up and down the banks for not having killed Sany Shamus when they got the chance. I hoped the affair might, at least, turn to the advantage of

one soldier—one that is not very far from me at the present moment; but I'm afraid, frightened as he is, Sir Thomas would rather risk having poor Miss Alicia carried off to the mountains and married there, than go back of his word. He's terribly set against you, Captain Spencer, whatever the reason is."

"He is, indeed," says he, heaving a big sigh.

"Is there nothing at all to be done amongst the lot of us, do you think?" said I.

"Nothing, I suppose, but to take patience and hope for a change," says he, with another tremendous sigh.

companion. "It is impossible, unfortunately, that we should do so, seeing that Sir Thomas has strictly forbidden his daughter to meet me."

"I perceive the impossibility now that you mention it," replied I. "Though it seems to me that I have heard of very obedient daughters who held their father's orders to be absolutely binding in all matters save where their own lovers were concerned, upon which matter they reserved for themselves some liberty of judgment. However, after the assurance you have just given me, there is no more to say, since we know that 'tis impossible for

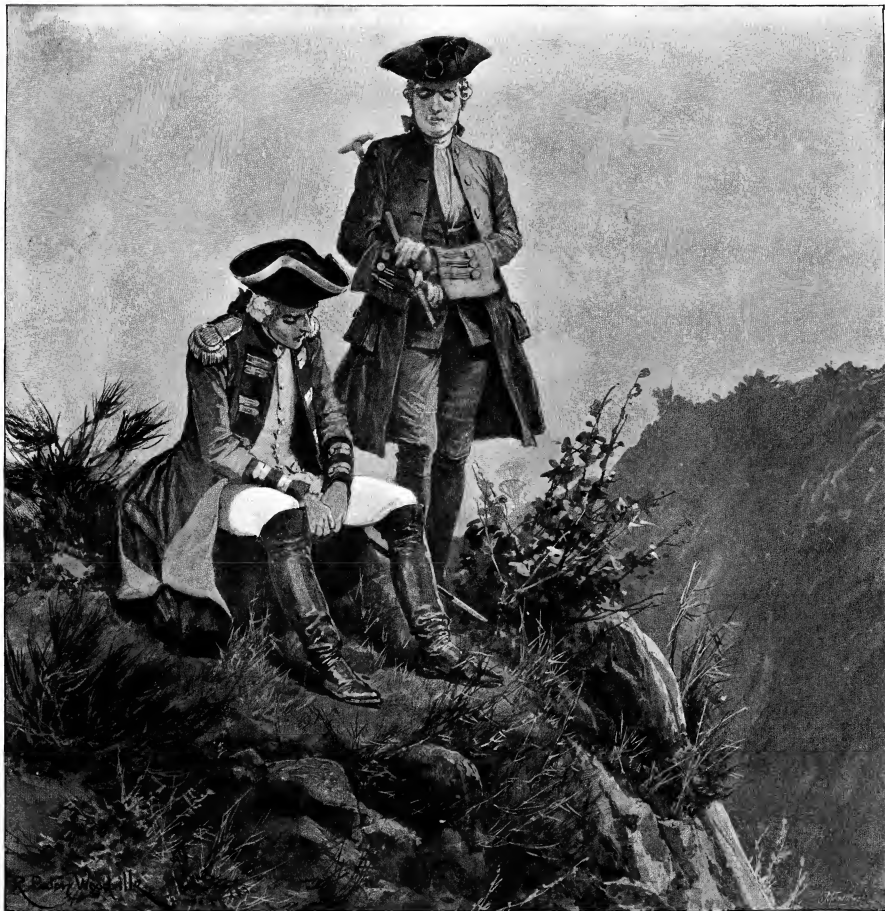
be able to see what was going on at the bottom. But presently we heard a shrill little voice that I knew very well crying out—

"I will! I will! I will! I tell you I will, Wooden-Sword, I will!"

"You'll get wet, Missy; you'll fall into the water and get wet," cries another voice, which I knew to be Wooden-Sword's own.

"And if I like to get wet why mayn't I get wet?" cries she.

"But you may be drowned, Missy," cries he.



"And now might I ask you just one question, Captain Spencer, before I go home? When did you and Miss Alicia last see one another?"

"Faith, then, patience is a wonderful thing—a grand thing for a young man to lay in a good stock of in early life; and I wish I had done so myself," said I, looking at him a bit quizzically out of the corners of my eyes. "And now might I ask you just one question, Captain Spencer, before I go home? When did you and Miss Alicia last see one another?"

I put this to him so suddenly that he gave a quick look behind him, and grew pink up to the roots of his hair, which made me feel all the more sure that that young lady was not so very far away, and maybe was listening to what we were saying at that very minute.

"Not for some time, I'm sorry to say, Colonel Driscoll," said he, as if it was jerked out of him by

an Englishman to tell a fib, even an innocent one—a capacity only reserved for the Jesuitical inhabitants of this Papistical land."

I looked at him again as I said this, and could see by the colour of his face that I had hit the mark. However, I did not want to plague him any more; for, after all, did anyone ever hear yet of two young people within easy reach of one another, and no impediment save the orders of a father—especially a father laid up with the gout—that wouldn't contrive to meet one another just as often as ever they liked?

I had said good-night, and was turning away to go up the path, when suddenly there came a mighty loud noise of splashing and tramping from the bottom of the glen, the banks of which were too steep there for us to

"Then you'll have to come and save me before I am," says she.

By the sounds of splashing which immediately followed it was plainly to be understood that her wilful young ladyship was carrying out her point, whatever it was, probably to cross by the stepping-stones, which were sure to be under water now after all the rain.

There was a minute or two's quiet, during which I suppose she was balancing upon some stone or other, but presently there was another loud splash, and then I heard Wooden-Sword cry out—

"Look there, didn't I tell you so, Miss Abby? See, now you are wet. Whatever will your father say?"

"I don't care what he says," returns Miss Abby, and afterwards followed splash, splash, splash, so that it

seemed as if she was finishing up by walking straight on through the water.

"Apparently Sir Thomas Carew hasn't got two obedient daughters, anyhow," said Captain Spencer; "and I, looking over at the Captain with a wink."

He said nothing to this, and we both of us stayed listening a bit longer, trying to make out where those two young mischief-makers had got to. It wasn't easy to tell, for the whole place was so thick with bushes just by the bank and the banks were so close that it was impossible to see anywhere near the bottom. All at once we saw Wooten-Sword coming into sight upon the opposite bank, climbing up as if he hadn't a moment to spare, and would lose his life if he didn't get quickly to the top. I suppose he was going to kill a dragon up there, or to save some princess from a giant, or something of that sort, in one of the play-acting games they're for ever playing. Anyway, the place was quite dangerous enough to satisfy anyone, apart from stage-acting, for the bank was just as rotten as an old cheese, and it was more with his nails than his heels he had to climb, pulling himself up as he best could with the bits of ivy. I watched him I know with my heart in my mouth, and would have liked to have given Miss Abby a good smack for sending him up such places, and all for nothing but her own nonsense.

However, he got to the top safe enough, and away with him into the trees, while, I suppose, he was on along a sort of a rough path there was through nettles at the bottom.

"He's a fine active lad, that nephew of yours," said the Captain, who had been watching him with me. "He'll make a proper soldier out of these days. The play is not 'Join us, and come and serve his Majesty King George.'"

"There are more pities than that in Ireland, Captain Spencer," said I, "though I'm not saying that it is one of the least of them. However, if he can't serve his Majesty King George, there are plenty of other kings in the world that he *can* serve, and who will be glad enough to get him, if they were glad enough to get his uncles before him." With which remark I once more bade him good-night and went off, with my head in the air, up the path.

CHAPTER VI.

I am afraid there was a good bit of bounce in that last observation of mine about all those other kings, but the truth was that in what he had just said Captain Spencer had touched me upon a point on which I was very sore. I do seem a poor case, and that without any grumbling either, that a fine high-spirited young fellow, who asks no better than to serve his own king and his own country, must needs be sent by his relations trespassing half over Europe, looking for *foreign kings* to serve, and running the risk, moreover, of having to kill some of his own cousins and kinsfolk, or be killed by them, which is not the sort of end to a man's career that anyone can look forward to with any particular pleasure.

After having parted in this way from Captain Spencer—who was joined, I feel sure, by better company the minute I left him—I kept on up the path without turning round till I reached the top of the wood. Once you leave the trees up there you have nothing before you but plain heather, right away to the very top of the Knockmaldows, unless it might be some small patch of cultivated ground here and there like my own, which appear little better than so many children's gardens, so small and trifling do they look in the middle of all that wild waste land.

I had stopped for a minute, close to where the fence runs, and where there is a wildish open space in the wood, with nothing in it but bracken and such low-growing things, when all at once I noticed two figures about a couple of hundred yards ahead of me, that seemed to be going through some mighty queer antics together. One of them—the smaller of the two—was dressed in white, and was standing upon a small tree or stick, and swinging his arms up and down as if giving directions, while the other—the bigger—was posturing here and posturing there, and advancing and retreating for all the world like a dancing bear, or some jig-master performing at a wake.

Of course, I knew who they must be, for who else could be going on with such antics at that hour of the evening. So I made up my mind just to give them a good fright, and I stole along the back of a bank, the top of which hindered them from seeing me, till I got exactly opposite to where they were, when I put my head up suddenly over it, crying out, "Up to the top of my voice! 'Fire! Thieves! Murder!'—crying with a great hoarse 'Ubububoo,' such as the old 'Forces,' that used to live in the woods when I was a boy, gave whenever they sprang out upon an enemy to murder him."

There came a sudden little squeak, like a mouse's cry, very quickly stifled, and then followed a silence like the grave, so that I knew those two mischief-makers must be holding their very breath so as not to make any sound.

I waited a moment, expecting them to say or to do something; but as neither of them stirred head or foot or uttered a word, I lost patience, and in Wooten-Sword's cried I, "Come out of this mischief, you rascals! Come here and tell me what you are doing there, you young villain!"

"He's doing what I tell him, and that's enough."

cried a shrill little voice, and out from behind a tree-trunk leaps Miss Abby, with her black hair all at end, standing up round her red cap like the edge of a furnace-bush. Awfully pretty she looked, I must say, with her little luscious, with her eyes shining like a pair of diamonds in the dimness, and her cheeks as red as scarlet, no doubt from the fright I had given her. It was just like her pride and grandeur not to give me the satisfaction of hearing her scream, though she must have been pretty well scared. That's the way she manages her snow. Miss Abby, who is only a timorous young lady like any other, and even her father, Sir Thomas, who, what with his terrors about abduction, and one thing and another, is always in a pucker about something, not knowing what is going to happen to him next; whereas Miss Abby, as far as I can make out, doesn't seem to know what the word fear means, nor ever has from her cradle.

"And what," said I, "if it comes to that, might I take the liberty of inquiring, are you doing there, young lady, at this time of the evening?" and with that I climbed over the bank and dropped down to where they were.

"I'm teaching Wooten-Sword how to dance the minuet," says she, quite seriously, and as if it was the most natural and reasonable thing in the world to be doing at such an hour. "Tis a disgrace, a great boy of thirteen, not knowing how to dance!"

"I've no doubt it is, and I've no doubt he ought to be extremely grateful to you for your puns," said I, trying to speak as gravely as she did herself. "And in what Court, might I ask, do you propose that he should dance the minuet when he has learnt it properly?"

"I've no doubt it is, and I've no doubt he ought to be enough to settle that when he has learnt it better," says she, in her off-hand sort of way. "Maybe I'll let him go to France when the young Dauphines come to the throne, or maybe I'll send him first to her mother—that old Empress you think such a lot of."

"I don't know," said I, in real earnest, for there are some things that a man cannot allow anyone, not even a child, to speak lightly about. "Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa," said I, standing erect and touching my hat, "is the best and sweetest woman in the whole wide world, everyone knows that. A man who has had the honour of serving her, though it were only as a drummer in her army, gets a notion of what a grand thing a really good brave woman is, one of those notions that remain with him, Miss Abby, all his life long, and that he carries to the grave with him, when he dies."

"Fiddle-de-dee! don't talk to me!" cries she, losing her dignity in a minute, rustling her short skirts and sticking out her little chin at me like a dachshund. "What is she but just flesh and blood, I should like to know, like any other woman, only dressed out in grand stuffs and with a gold cross stuck on the top of her head. I'm sure I should make every bit as good an empress any day, if I had only learned how, and had been called 'your Royal Highness' and 'your Majesty' from the time I was born. Don't you think I should, Wooten-Sword?"

"Miss Abby," said I, quickly, "let Wooten-Sword have time to get her head, I listen to me, my dear. You're only a little bit older now, but you'll be a woman one of these days, and it's never too soon to know what makes the difference between one woman and another. Whatever it is—and I'm not clear that I can explain it to you exactly myself—it's not fine clothes, nor yet wearing gold crowns either, so you may be quite sure of that. Partly I'm thinking it comes of being religious, and partly, maybe, from a kind of natural dignity, but the chief part of it in my opinion is just sheer goodness of heart, and that treating everyone about you as if they were as good as yourself or better, which is a sort of behaviour that it doesn't need to have a gold crown on your head in order to practise. And now, with all respect to your Imperial Highness, I think it's time you were getting indoors, especially with your feet wringing wet with walking about in the mud. I heard you say, 'I'll wait for me,' so, with your gracious permission, I'll just walk back with you as far as the castle, and then Wooten-Sword can come home with me, and you can finish giving him his instructions another time."

At this she began to put on airs, looking up in my face very saucily with her chin up, and her eyes cast to the sky. "No," however, I just took her by the hand, without more ado, and led her quietly along the path towards the house, without waiting to give her any time to say it. I thought within myself that she was going along mightily quick, and that I should have a longer management of her; for even her father, Sir Thomas, is often at his wits' end to know how to control her, while as for her sister, Miss Alicia, though her elder by full six years, she is just like so much wax in her hands, and follows all Miss Abby's ideas, doing exactly what she tells her, she being so much the readier and the cleverer of the two young ladies.

We had got to the turn where the path begins to run downhill, when all at once, at the moment I least expected it, she gave a sudden spring to one side, and crying out, "Captain Right! 'Captain Right!' Follow Queen Miss!" she switched the hand I was holding away from me, and that so quickly that I was afraid of breaking her wrist if I held on. And away with her she went, leaving me down

the path, and all into the trees again, where we quickly lost sight of her.

Wooten-Sword would have been after her like a shot, if she had run over him as completely as he rubs over "Crooked-Mouth" and "Tiddy-the-Squire," and the rest of those young scamps he's always drilling. However, I wasn't afraid, as you may imagine, of hurting *him*, and I just caught him by the scruff of his neck, and held on like grim death till he had to give in. By the time I had managed to get him to the top of the hill, and he saw there was no use in going after her, and as she was at no great distance from home, I just turned Master Wooten-Sword round by the shoulders, and marched him before me up the path, and out on to the heather, scolding him all the time for his misbehaviour.

"A great good boy, my dear," said I, "wanting to be thought a man, and yet going on with such tricks and nonsense, letting yourself be at the beck and call of one who is nothing in the world but a child, and a wifful, bold child at that, spoilt and contrary, having no mother to see after her. It isn't her fault, poor thing—I don't say that it is—but it was her so spoilt, her sister being too young and too easy-going to care for her properly. Let me tell you, Master Wooten-Sword, once for all, if I find you going on with any more such pranks and nonsensical games, you come here no more, so that's fixed, remember, and I'll have you sent to the workhouse, or to the hospital, or ever to see, or allow her to use, such words as 'Captain Right' and 'Queen Miss,' as I heard her doing just now. Very likely you think on account of her being Sir Thomas's daughter and a magistrate's child, that no harm could come of it, and that people would think it was nothing but a piece of childishness. But if you do, you're mightily mistaken. I don't say but she might get off with nothing worse than a sound whipping, which I'm sure is the least she deserves, but for you it would be a very different story altogether—a boy without a friend, nor bit of influence, nor a word of sympathy, a poor wretch would find yourself as likely as not clapped into jail. I can tell you, or, maybe, sent up one of those new reformatories in the North, and kept there till it was time for you to be put on board ship as a common sailor; or what would be worse still, shipped to Barbadoes to be worked to death like a slave in the plantations; or, worst and worst, diagnosed of all, forced to turn Protestant in order to save yourself from misery and death. A nice end that would be to you, and a pretty disgrace and shame to all your family, with your mother and myself, and everyone else that you ever loved, and all brought about by you again the longest day you lived, and all brought about by nothing but your own folly and disobedience, you heartless, ungrateful young whelp!"

To all this and a good deal more of the same sort, for I didn't spare him, you may believe, once I had begun, Wooten-Sword listened, and he sat sulking enough, looking from side to side as if he were trying to see how he could get away from me. After a while, however, I could see that what I said began to take effect upon him, and when I got to talking of the reformatory in the North and of his being shipped off to Barbadoes, or, perhaps, sent into a Protestant against his will, he said, "I'm sure I'm a good fright; that is, was what I intended. At last he turned round to me of his own accord and promised me that he would try and do his best to hinder Miss Abby from using words like 'Captain Right' or 'Queen Miss' or playing at it and she being Laverells or Whiteboys, which he knows as well as I do to be not only dangerous games, but downright wicked and rebellious ones, the country being in the state it is at the present time."

With that we made friends again, which was a great relief to me, whatever it may have been to Wooten-Sword himself. What with his being a sort of a mischief-maker, and, been of late, and something about the nature of the boy, I must confess to have grown a regular old fool about him, he being just like my own son, only a great deal more familiar. For if I had ever had a son—which was a blessing in my eyes, for I was sure I should never have a poor wife while he lived—I should have had, for decency's sake, to keep him at a greater distance. Whereas with Wooten-Sword, though I do scold him and cuff him too, occasionally—especially if anyone is by to see me—the greater part of the time, he does exactly as he likes with me, and I'm generally glad to let him have his way, and his rascal. But with regard to Miss Abby, and the likelihood of any advice that he could give her having much effect—she being such a masterly young mistress—there, I must confess, I felt uncommonly doubtful, and, as the sequel will show, I felt too much doubly so.

(To be continued.)

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LADY CYCLISTS IN BATTERSEA PARK.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

An unusually large number of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons will attend the British Medical Association, to be held next week in London, as representatives of the special branch of surgery or medicine in which they have achieved a reputation.

Dr. Edward Long Fox, President of the Association this year, is a distinguished physician practising in the south of England. He has made a special study of the functions and diseases of the nerves, and is a very able lecturer. He delivered the Bradshaw lectures at the Royal College of Physicians, 1892, and writes upon his special subjects. The Association is to be congratulated this year on having a handsome as well as very distinguished president.

Sir William Broadbent, who delivers the address in Medicine this year, was raised to the baronetcy in recognition of his successful services during the recent illness of the Duke of York. But long before he had been sniled upon by royalty he had made a great practice for himself, owing to his popularity among general practitioners. Sir William is an especial favourite with the Rothschilds, and a huge number of Jews are to be found among his clients.

Sir William Roberts, President of the Therapeutics section, has a great name in Manchester, where he practised for several years as a physician. He is a man of very cultured tastes, and in the waiting-room of his house in Manchester there are some fine Constables and a Turner presented to him on his marriage by grateful patients. Sir William is very Welsh in his talk, and is a delightful conversationalist. He is, of course, a great authority on drugs, and was one of the leading medical members of the recent Opium Commission.

Sir William MacCormac, the President of the Surgery section, is an Irishman by birth, and in appearance a big fine specimen of his country, which may be proud of him. As a surgeon-in-chief of the Anglo-American ambulance in the Franco-German War, he had an opportunity of displaying his excellent powers of organisation, and brought the Red-Cross service to a high degree of efficiency. He was knighted for his efforts as Secretary General of the International Medical Congress in London in 1881, and has a whole host of foreign decorations.

Sir William Priestley, President of the Obstetrics section, is a distinguished specialist in women's diseases. He has a very dignified presence, and is one of the most popular physicians of the day. Lady Priestley, whose efforts in connection with the National Health Society are well known, is a daughter of Robert Chambers, the publisher, and her hands-on youthful face and white hair are remarkable.

Mr. Henry Power, President of the section of Ophthalmology, is one of the older specialists on eye diseases, and has one or two sons who are following their father's profession. He is a man of wide culture and great urbanity of temper.

Mr. T. Bryant, the distinguished surgeon, is a Guy's man, and an extremely able lecturer. He is not just the typical consulting surgeon in appearance, having somewhat the air of a well-set-up country squire. He is a very successful operator.

Dr. Ferrier, President of the Physiology section, is a distinguished Scotchman, who, after one of the most brilliant University careers on record, has played the double part of the active physician and the student of

scientific research. His investigations and writings upon the functions of the brain have probably more than those of any man living contributed to the brilliant successes that have been achieved in brain-surgery during the last ten years. Dr. Ferrier, as one of the consulting physicians of the National Hospital for Epileptics, has been brought into close connection with this class of afflicted beings, and has been largely instrumental in the establishment of the Epileptic Colony at Chalfont St. Giles. He is small and dark, and has a very keen face and a quick manner, but his kindness, especially to women, and his unassuming manner have made him extremely popular, and his services are in immense demand among the patients at

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Guardian* discusses Mr. Gladstone's "broken par." It does not think that all the circumstances are known, but it considers that the question illustrates in the most striking manner the fact of Mr. Gladstone's essential unchangeableness, underlying changes of every possible kind in the less vital part of his character. Mr. Gladstone had persuaded himself, no doubt, that the Welsh Church had ceased to discharge its mission as a national Church, and ought not, therefore, to be supported in its position as an established and endowed institution; but he would not be a party to, and would—or so the *Whigs* thought—be ready to face grave risks to Home Rule rather than acquiesce in, anything which he regarded as unjust or inconsiderate treatment of the Welsh Church.

The Bishop of Winchester reports himself in better health. He has suffered from nervous exhaustion, insomnia, and asthma. He says, "As they that watch for the morning" is a text that comes home to the poor struggler for breath during the sultry night hours; and then when sleep seems approaching, an awful sense of sinking and depression comes on, something like that one fauces may immediately precede the final struggle, and sleep flies away over the hill. How is it that Dante never introduces asthma into the Inferno?—either as the just punishment of loquacious persons who make long speeches on subjects on which they are totally ignorant, or who preach sermons which are only bags of swadst.

There is a large number of Colonial Bishops in England at present—the Bishops of Antigua, Caledonia, Columbia, Colombo, Grahamstown, Jerusalem, Mid-China, Singapore, and Trinidad.

Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, who has been seriously ill, has been able to resume preaching.

At the annual civic banquet of the Archbishops and Bishops given by the Lord Mayor, the Primate said that crises come and crises went, but the Bishops went on for ever.

In the General Election some thirteen candidates are members of the Society of Friends.

The programme for the Norwich Church Congress is now complete. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Salisbury will preach the opening sermons, and among the subjects chosen for discussion are the Education question, the Relations between the Church and Modern Democracy, the Growth and Maintenance of the National Church, and the Remuneration question. Working men's meetings are to be held each evening, and among the speakers will be the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Chester, and Professor Shuttleworth.

The controversy on divorce and marriage goes on in the Church of England newspapers. Dr. Bright says that no expressed judgment in favour of the absolute indissolubility of marriage can be found in the formularies of the Church, and that, in default of one, individual inferences should be urged with due moderation. Dr. Bright positively says that "Dr. Bright boldly accepts the consequence of his own argument, so that he considers that a divorced woman may be held to be a married woman in the eyes of the law; whereas our Lord is reported certainly in three passages in the Gospels as teaching it to be adulterous. When we read such results, we may feel sure there is something fundamentally wrong in the conclusion."—V.



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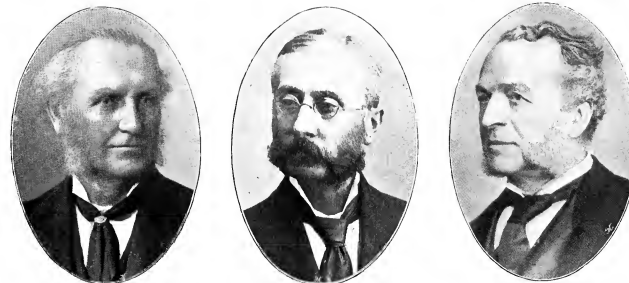


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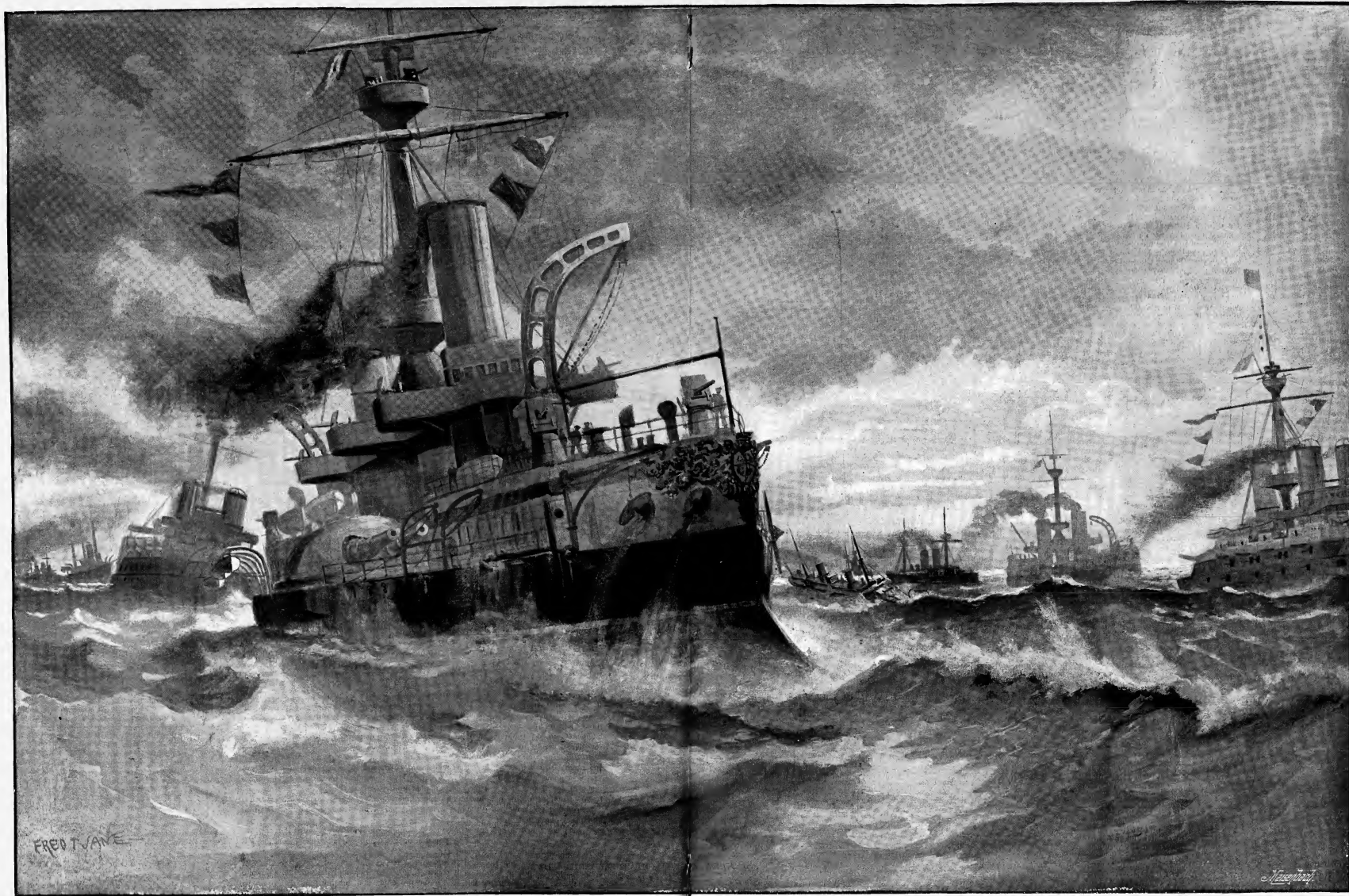
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MR. THOMAS BRYANT.

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Queen Square, who believe they have only to be under his care to be cured. He is devoted to yachting, and in spite of his busy life, contrives to get a good deal in the course of the year.

Sir George Murray Humphry, who is the surgical king of Cambridge, is an admirable lecturer and a very able surgeon, and has taken an active share in advancing the interests of Addenbrooke's Hospital. Lady Humphry is almost as well known in Cambridge as her distinguished husband. She has had for some years a training school for servants, the entire work of her beautiful house being carried on by ten or twelve little girls, who are instructed in the duties of parlourmaids, cooks, and housemaids. As the girl grows up she is drifted into service; and so perfect is this system of organisation that no discontent is felt in Lady Humphry's household at the change of service that is always taking place.

Newcastle, Canon Scott Holland, Treasurer, P. V. Sandercock, Dean of Rochester, the Bishop of Chester, and Professor Shuttleworth.



ARTISTA. SAVOIA.

REGINA MARIA.

DEPARTURE OF THE ITALIAN NAVAL SQUADRON FROM PORTSMOUTH.

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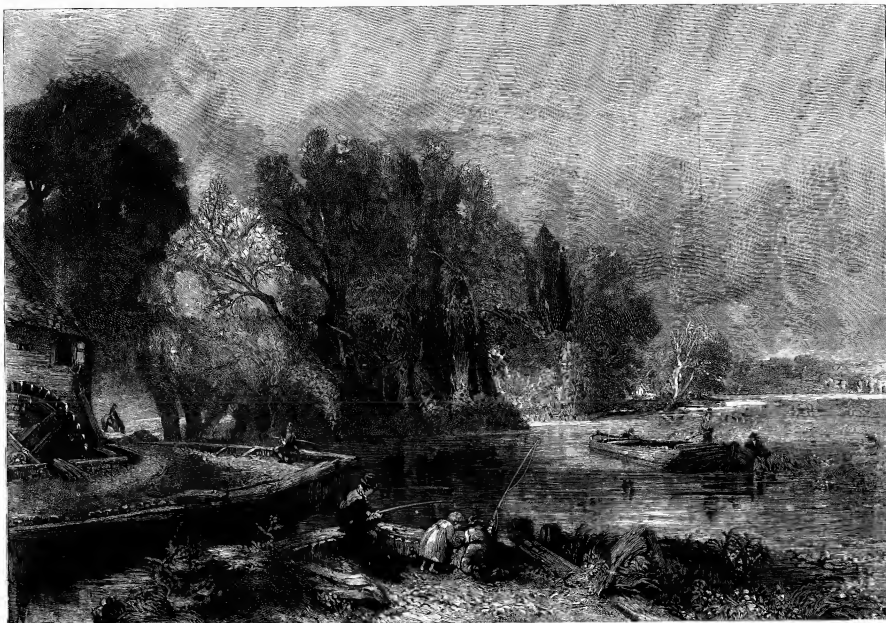
BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I fancy I am not exaggerating when I say that at the present moment the name of Dr. Max Nordau is on the lips of nearly every cultivated reader throughout the world. The number of articles, criticisms, and biographies that have been written about him and his last book, "Degeneration," would fill several bulky volumes, and yet, as far as I am aware, no authentic pen-and-ink portrait of him has appeared. No doubt a great many able, quick, and far-seeing journalists interviewed him, and provided they came with sufficiently respectable credentials, were sent on their way rejoicing with slips upon slips of copy; but I question whether, for all that, they have caught a glimpse of the great *Ultrasens*, philosopher, physician, and linguist "in his habit as he lives." The pretty but somewhat prim drawing-room, with its silk furniture upholstered in yellow, in the Avenue de Villiers, where they probably sat chatting with the author, affords no more index to his habits, tastes, life, and mind than a first-class railway compartment or a stato

friendship dates from many years back, I have never asked Dr. Nordau at what time he rises, but I know pretty well the hour when he goes to bed, for when I lived in Paris I was his frequent companion, and we rarely parted before 1.30 a.m. after an evening spent at one of the *brasseries* near the Opéra, and I feel certain he did not go to bed then. For quick worker as Nordau is, the mere writing out of his closely printed books must occupy many, many hours. Important though most of the problems he deals with are, their literary expression, the marshalling of the facts and data connected with them appear to give him little or no trouble; his pen seems never able to keep pace with his thoughts. He scarcely or ever refers to the note-book by his side; the mere fact of his having filled that note-book has filled his mind with its contents, and when a slip of large-sized note-paper is finished, there are perhaps not two corrections. A slip of Nordau's manuscript is a wonderful thing to behold. At a rough guess I should think it holds a thousand words; I have only seen the like once in my life—the manuscript of my friend the late Dr. Henry Bartling, of whom I spoke a few

himself. Books in the most modest of bindings—unless they are not bound at all—and frequently falling to pieces for want of a little care. Books in every European language on plain deal shelves, some stained a dark brown, others as they left the carpenter's plane. A sofa with a wolf's skin over it, an enormous and very solid writing-table absolutely groaning under its load of tomes, pamphlets, and papers, but no litter. Everything is arranged methodically, like the mind of the owner.

There Nordau will sit chatting for hours to the intimate friend and tried chum, which chat, if transferred to paper, would be worth between six and seven guineas a thousand words to any magazine to which he would like to offer it. For let there be no mistake about it, the charm that pervades his writings pervades his conversation, however serious the subject. Then he will jump up, and with a "Let's go and have some beer," struggle into his coat and put on his hat. And while the beer is being drunk you will most likely get disquisitions on glass-melting, the culture of hops, the licensing laws, with the history of half-a-dozen world-



CONSTABLE'S "STRATFORD MILL."—FROM THE COLLECTION OF C. F. HUTH.

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Exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1839; at the British Institution 1855; and at Burlington House 1856.

cabin on one of the ocean liners affords an index to the moral, mental, and physical characteristics of its occupants.

For Max Nordau's drawing-room is absolutely "of his life a thing apart." Save to receive his patients or a casual visitor, he never sets foot in it from one year's end to another. He sees very little company at home. He is a bachelor, his mother is very old, and the tastes of his only sister, who is also single, do not lie in the direction of entertainments and "at homes." A naturally intelligent young woman, she is nevertheless very reserved with strangers. I am probably the only one even among Nordau's most intimate friends who can make her talk, although we have not much in common except our admiration for her brother. I have seen few girls so thoroughly content to stand aloof from the world's turmoil as Max Nordau's sister.

In this she is utterly different from her famous brother, whom I firmly believe three months of inactivity would kill, notwithstanding his magnificent constitution and robust health. Fame has, as a matter of course, brought with it many social engagements, but the hours devoted to work have not been curtailed by one. Though our

months ago in these columns in connection with the Baltic Canal.

Nor does Dr. Nordau require a stimulant of any kind while at work. He is fond of beer, like most men who pursued their studies at the German universities, but he never touches it while writing; he never smokes. He is a capital troublemaker, and quite quickly, and no problem, however weighty, will make him put down the morsel on its way to his mouth. Utterly indifferent as to his dress, he is very particular about his hair and beard, both of which are snow-white, although he is barely forty-five. The head is the most striking I have ever seen—I know of no other to compare with it—but the stature is below the middle height, and will in a few years appear shorter still owing to Dr. Nordau's fast-growing girth, which no amount of physical exercise seems able to check. For Dr. Nordau is not only an author, but a physician with a considerable practice, and, unlike most successful physicians, he has not only no carriage of his own, but rarely uses an omnibus. He is simplicity itself in every relation of life—a walking encyclopedia bound in the soberest and most inexpensive of cloths, which one has only to open at the required spot to get all the information one wants. His den—a study and a consulting-room in one—is like

famed breweries in England and Germany thrown in as a peroration. Just before he parts from you, he will say, "Oh, by the bye, I have my letter to write to the *Vossische Zeitung*, just give me a sort of a subject; I haven't got an idea in my head." At first one suspects that he is "chaffing," but he is in sober earnest.

One evening when he was asking me a similar question I told him the story of one of the wealthiest noblemen in England being in the Park one morning with his family and wanting to buy a pup that was offered to him. The whole of the family between them could not muster the sovereign that was asked for it. Just then there passed a notoriously impecunious young hopeful. "Have you got a sovereign about you?" said the Duke. "Certainly," replied the impecunious one, bringing out a handful of glittering golden coins. Nordau laughed, and three days later there appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*, of which he was and still is the Paris correspondent, a delightful article on "The Finances of the Third Republic." My simple anecdote had been sufficient to produce a paper which would have delighted the heart of Mr. Goschen, and set the whole of the House of Commons roaring with laughter if it had been delivered *en français* instead of being printed.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN COMPETITORS FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

The impending match between Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III.* and the *Defender*, built at Rhode Island, United States, by Mr. Herreshoff, for the international prize of the America Challenge Cup, is now eagerly anticipated by those on both sides of the Atlantic who take an interest in the national reputation for nautical skill and prowess, or for scientific and mechanical ingenuity in designing and constructing that class of sailing vessels for the utmost attainable speed. The performance of *Valkyrie III.* at the Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta on the Clyde, from June 29 to July 6, have been watched most attentively. When on July 1 she was defeated by *Britannia* and *Ailsa*, even experienced yachting men expressed a doubt as to whether she would really secure the laurels said to be in store for her. But since her victory on July 6 these same men have veered completely round, and at present they cannot find words that will adequately express the amount of praise that they wish to bestow upon her. *Valkyrie III.*, as we know, is a light-weather boat. Consequently it was hardly fair to jump at a conclusion respecting her merit merely because she was defeated in a stiff north-westerly wind. True, during the race she displayed far more of her side than either the *Britannia* or the *Ailsa* showed; but then we must bear in mind the fact that she made practically her first appearance, and that therefore several latches took place, the like of which will probably not occur again. Indeed, on July 6, she was

far superior to the other two cutters in every point of sailing, and the enthusiastic cheering with which her victory was greeted clearly testified that public opinion had suddenly turned in her favour. Taking into consideration her time allowance, the new yacht beat *Britannia*

by 14 min. 28 sec., and *Ailsa* by 16 min. 34 sec.

On the same day, at Rhode Island, at the building yard of Mr. Herreshoff, the *Defender* was to have been launched in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators, but the operation failed, owing to the water-ways not properly fitting the cradle, as the woodwork had become swollen by the action of the water; and the new yacht had to be pulled off by the aid of two powerful steam-tugs on Monday, the next day but one. It is not to be imagined that any of the enlightened American people would consider this mortifying accident ominous of ill-success for Mr. Herreshoff's ingeniously designed vessel in the coming grand event, and we feel sure, on the other hand, that the natural partiality of our countrymen for the British competitor will not prevent a cordial recognition of the merits of that enterprising and accomplished American yacht-builder, who is the more entitled to our sympathetic admiration because he is unhappily deprived of the faculty of sight. What a theme could not the American poet Longfellow have found in Mr. Herreshoff's situation and in his sentiments when he must learn from the description given by some eyewitness, standing by his side, how the vessel is sailing which he has almost literally moulded with his own hands, but which he can never see "walk in beauty like a thing of life" over the sunlit sea outside of Sandy Hook, a glorious spectacle of the latter summer days of this year!

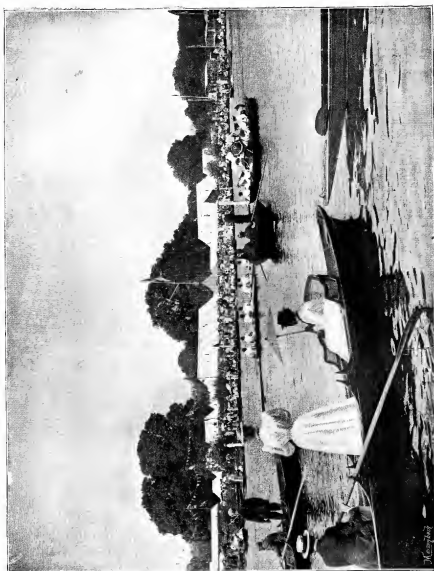


THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S YACHT, "VALKYRIE III."

Photo by West and Son, Southampton.



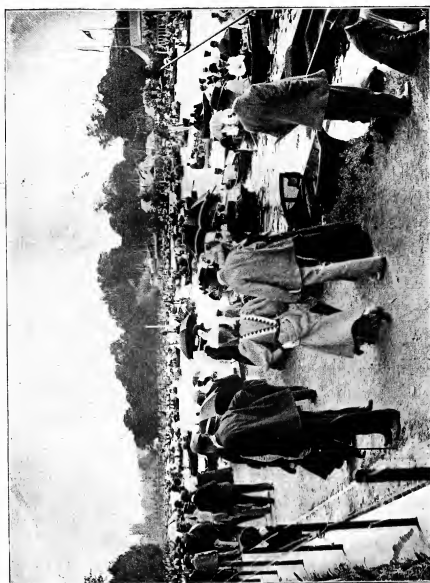
THE AMERICAN YACHT "DEFENDER" BEING HAULED OFF BY STEAM-TUGS AT THE BUILDING-YARD.



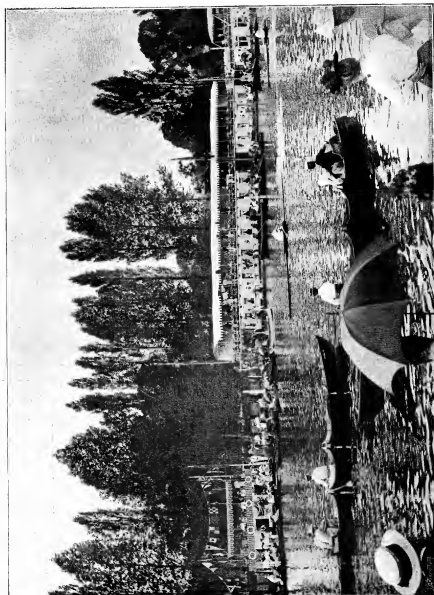
CORNELL BEATEN.



RACE FOR THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP.

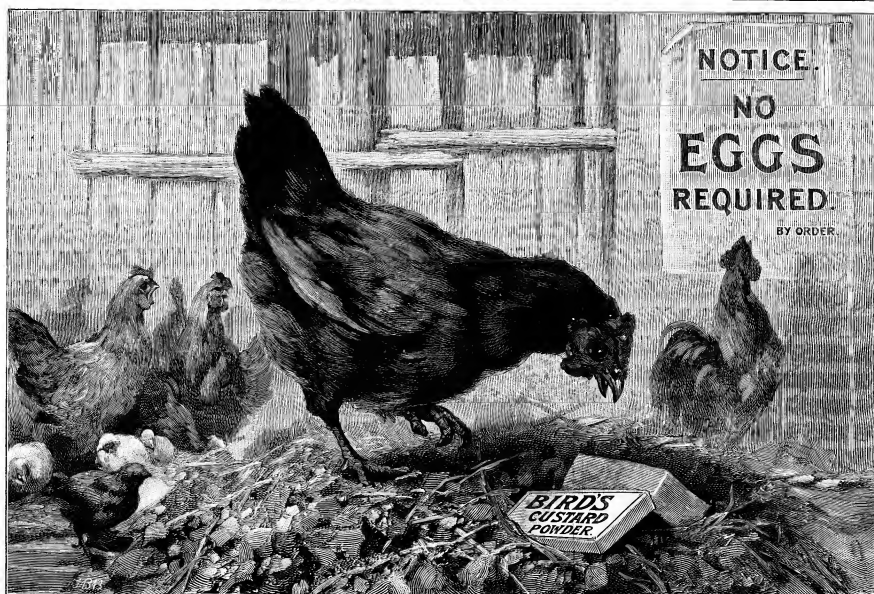


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1893), with a codicil (dated Jan. 9, 1895), of Sir Henry Bennett, Kt., J.P., D.L., of The Westlands, Great Grimsby, who died on Feb. 21, was proved at the Lincoln District Registry on June 4 by Dame Sophia Bennett, the widow, and William Bennett and George Locking Bennett, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £39,841. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his household furniture and effects, and £200 per annum, during life or widowhood, to his wife. She is also to have the use of his residence, The Westlands, upon paying £100 per annum to his estate for the same; and £3000 to his son George Locking. The executors are directed to raise £10,000 each for his daughters, and a further £2500 each on the death or marriage again of his wife, and £850 for his son Henry. Full powers are given to his trustees to carry on the businesses in which he is interested. The residue of his property he gives to his sons, William and George Locking.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1890), with three codicils (dated Sept. 8, 1892, and July 28 and Dec. 14, 1894), of Mr. Thomas Lloyd Fitzhugh, D.L., J.P., of Pilsa Power, Denbighshire, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on July 8 by Frederick Thomas Green, the nephew, and Henry John Birch, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £263,286. The testator devises all his freehold properties in Essex, Middlesex, and the City of London to the use of his wife, Mrs. Mary Emily Fitzhugh, for life, with remainder to his sister, Mrs. Annabella Elizabeth Green, for life, with remainder to his nephew Frederick Thomas Green, for life, with remainder to his said nephews first, and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male; and all his manors, messuages, farm-lands, townements, and hereditaments in Denbighshire, Salop, and elsewhere, except as before devised, to trustees to raise and pay out of the moneys by yearly instalments £5,000 to his nephew Frederick Thomas Green, to permit his wife to use and occupy for life his mansion-house, Pilsa Power, with the pleasure-grounds for life, and to pay out of the annual income £3000 per annum to his wife, for life; subject thereto these estates are to be held to the use of his brother, Godfrey William Fitzhugh, for life, with remainder to his nephew Godfrey Fitzhugh, for life (but his nephew is to be considered a minor until he attains the age of thirty), with remainder to his said nephew's first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. He appoints his one moiety of the trust funds under his marriage settlement as to £2000 to his wife, and as to the remainder, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as she shall appoint, and in default of appointment, for his wife's nephew, Aymer Powllett Lane, for life, and then as she shall appoint. He bequeaths all his jewellery, books, china, water-colour drawings, horses, carriages, live and dead stock to his wife; his furniture, statutory, etc., to go with his mansion-house at Pilsa Power; £10,000 each to the said Aymer Powllett Lane and his nephew William Fitzhugh; £3000 to his

nephew Charles Godfrey; £3000 each to his nephews and niece Henry William Green, Ramsey Godfrey, and Mary Green; and some other legacies. As to the residue of his personal estate, he gives one third to his sister, Mrs. Green, and two thirds to his brother, Godfrey William.

The will (dated April 9, 1895) of Deputy Surgeon-General John Ashton Bostock, C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, honorary surgeon to the Queen, of 74, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 18, was proved on June 6 by Mrs. Harriet Anne Bostock, the widow, Surgeon-Captain Robert Ashton Bostock, the son, and Richard Haywood Thompson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £62,751. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, wines, and household stores, and £500 to his wife; £100 to his executor, Mr. Thompson; his residence, 73, Onslow Gardens, to his wife for life, and then to his son Robert Ashton Bostock; and his furniture and effects to his wife for life and then to be divided between his said son and his daughter, Elizabeth Anne Bostock. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to make up the income of his wife with what she will receive under the will of her father, and a declaration of trust, to £2000 per annum, and the income of his daughter during the life of his wife with what she will receive under a declaration of trust to £800 per annum, and to pay the remainder of the income during the life of his wife to his son.

On his wife's death, as his daughter will succeed to a portion of her grandfather's estate, such sum is to be set aside out of his residuary estate, the income of which, with the income derived by her under the declaration of trust, will make up £620 per annum, and held upon trust for her. The ultimate residue he gives to his son.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1889) of the Rev. William Bridgeman-Simpson, J.P., of Bulworth Rectory, Notts, who died on April 1, was proved at the Nottingham District Registry on June 24 by Orlando John George Bridgeman Bridgeman-Simpson and George Arthur Bridgeman Bridgeman-Simpson, the sons, and Samuel Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £36,676. The testator states that his daughters and the children of his deceased daughter are provided for by the benefits they will derive under the will of his nephew Arthur Hanbly Eyre; and he bequeaths £200 to his daughter Caroline Mary, if unmarried at his death, he also bequeaths to her, so long as she shall remain unmarried, an annuity of £200, to be reduced to £150 on her succeeding to the benefits under the will of his said nephew; and legacies to butler, former coachman and servant, domestic servants, gardeners, and labourers. There are numerous specific bequests of pictures, plate, and furniture to children. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons, Orlando, William, George, and Francis, but certain legacies they have received are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1891), with two codicils (dated March 21 and April 16, 1895), of Mr. William Hardy Cozens-Hardy, J.P., of Letheringsett Hall, Norfolk, who died on April 29, was proved at the Norwich District

Registry on June 29 by Clement William Hardy Cozens-Hardy, Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, Q.C., M.P., and Sydney Cozens-Hardy, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,163. The testator gives £20 each to the Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Free Church, and to the Methodist Free Church at Holt; legacies amounting together to £3200, such furniture as she may select to the value of £300, and a house at Letheringsett to his daughter Agnes; £4000 to his daughter Kathleen; £5000 to his son Sydney; £2000 upon trust for the benefit of the two children of his late daughter, Cecilia Emma Williams; a house at Holt to his son Herbert; £300 to his clerk, James Simmons, and £200 to Harriet Sharp. He states that he has provided for his son Herbert and his daughter Mrs. Colman, by their marriage settlements. He directs his Sprowston and Catton estates to be sold, and one-half of the net proceeds he gives to his son Theobald. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Clement.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Bellenker, widow of the late Mr. Henry Bellenker-Ker, Q.C., of the Villa Mignonne, Cannes, who died on April 20, were proved on June 20 by Major-General Francis Thomas Lloyd, R.A., and William Whitson Edward Clarke, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2794.

The will of the Hon. Mary Josephine Vaughan, of 21, Wilton Crescent, who died on June 10, was proved on July 2 by Mrs. Christine Vaughan de Arcos, and Mrs. Mary Vaughan, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4263.

The will of Admiral William Fitzherbert Ruxton, F.R.G.S., of 41, Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 24 at The Warren, Ashe, Hants, was proved on July 8 by George Rawdon Ruxton, the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8804.

The will (executed Nov. 19, 1891), of Dame Isabella Nepoux, of Lodons Court, near Bridport, Dorset, who died on March 17, was proved at the Blanford District Registry on June 15 by Major-General Edward Draper Elliott, R.A., and Charles George Nantos, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7,605.

The will of the Hon. Dame Jane Kerpel (wife of Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Kerpel, G.C.B.), of Bishopscote, Hants, who died on April 21 at Southsea, was proved on June 29 by Mrs. Maria Walpole Hamilton, the daughter and residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4,905.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that the standard of candidates for holy orders is rising very much higher, but the weak point is that many who present themselves from theological colleges lack general culture. It is intended to fix a higher examination in general subjects for theological students, corresponding to a matriculation examination at the Universities.

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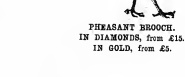
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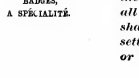
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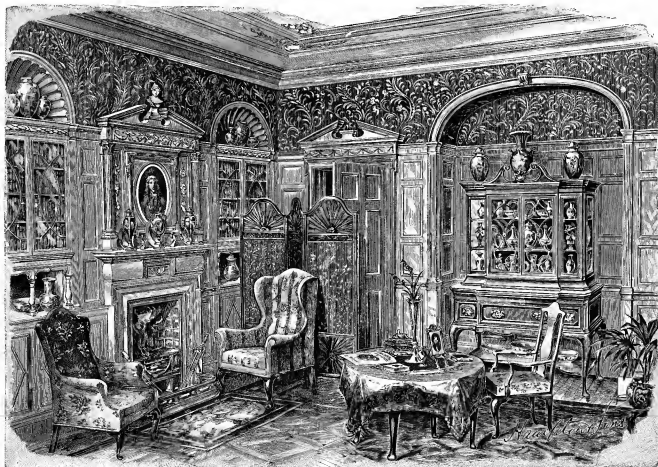
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THE MAUSOLEUM-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Mausoleum of Mausolus was one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world; but when the late Sir Charles Newton, in 1846-57, carried on his explorations on the site at Halicarnassus, now known as Bodrum, scarcely one stone stood upon another. Still, he was lucky enough to find some fragments of the marble of which it had been constructed, including the figures of Mausolus and his queen Artemesia, which, according to Pliny, formed a group in a chariot on the summit of the monument. One wheel of the chariot and portions of the horses were also discovered. The marbles were all sent home to the British Museum at the time, where they have remained on view. They are now placed by themselves in one room, and Dr. A. S. Murray, the Keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities, has devoted great care, combined with his intimate knowledge of Greek art and architecture, to their arrangement. The figures of the king and queen have been placed on a pedestal in the centre of the room; the solitary wheel stands at one side and the two fragments of horses occupy a position in front, the intention being to give a faint suggestion, so far as the remains will permit, of the principal group of sculpture that surrounded the monument. This was the work of the sculptor Pythios, who was also one of the architects. Four other sculptors are mentioned by Pliny as having been employed: these were Scopas, Bryaxis, Timotheos, and Leochares. Each of these had a side of the monument on which to devote his art, and Pliny tells the side that they worked upon. Scopas had the east side, Bryaxis the north, Timotheos the south, and Leochares the west. Unfortunately, as the marbles, now in the Museum, were not found *in situ*, their original position cannot be determined, and the work of each artist can only be guessed at by its style. From long and minute inspection of the marbles Dr. Murray has been able to piece together one of the columns of the Mausoleum, with its entablature, and part of the ceiling of the colonnade. This has been arranged so perfectly, it looks like a gigantic fragment that had been brought complete from Halicarnassus and placed where it now stands. It so chanced that the height of the room is not sufficient to permit the whole of the column being erected, and a portion of the base had to be omitted. As it stands, it presents a view of the entablature and the ceiling behind it; from this the structural methods of



THE MAUSOLEUM-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

the architecture of the period become visible, and may be studied by those interested in such details. A rather difficult problem yet remains to work out the design of the monument from Pliny's description. This was attempted long ago by Sir Christopher Wren, and at a later date Professor Cockrell realised his conception of it in a very fine water-colour

drawing, which now hangs in the Mausoleum Room, and beside it is Wren's design. These, it must be remembered, were both produced before the marbles were discovered, and Pliny's description was the only guide. The difficulty is that Pliny states the height to have been 140 feet, while it is now assumed that the structure could not have been much over 70 feet. Dr. Murray's suggestion is that Pliny's figures have been somehow doubled; and he confirms the idea by quoting Hyginus, the other ancient writer, who mentions the height, and he records that it was 80 feet. As Lydia bordered on Caria, the two Lycian tombs have found a fitting place beside the marbles from Halicarnassus. The interest attached to these tombs is that they are copies in marble from what had evidently been originally wooden structures; and they imply a mode of burial, at some early period, not in the earth, but above ground—perhaps on a raised platform, as we know is still the custom among some primitive races.

In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice on July 12, it was decided that the Lloyd Holloway College at Egham, which receives young lady students paying each £90 per annum, and which has an income of £15,000 a year, half from fees, half from endowments, cannot claim exemption from taxes as a charity school.

A strong memorial in support of the maintenance of the gold standard has been forwarded to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir M. H. Beach). It is signed by almost all the influential members of the London Stock Exchange who support the views recently laid before his predecessor in office, by merchants and bankers in the City of London, and also by members of the Stock Exchanges of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin. The memorialists deprecate the adoption of the policy known as bimetallism, which, they say, aims in effect at the depreciation and debasement of the gold standard of this country. They believe that such a policy would inflict injury on all classes, and are satisfied that whoever might gain by it, such gain would be at the expense of all who save, and of all who earn wages. They further regard the entire proposal as made in the interests of debtors who seek to be relieved from their engagements, and as a direct attack upon the commercial prosperity of the United Kingdom.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The interesting revival of the little-known "Two Gentlemen of Verona" of William Shakespeare, which gave Miss Ada Rehan such a splendid opportunity for showing her subtle art and graceful diction as a love-sick girl transformed into a handsome boy, has been followed by the Augustin Daly version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which has been well known in America for many years, and where, strange to say, it has been ever popular. Truth to tell, the fantastic poem is not what would be called a good acting play. There are not many good chances in it for actor, actress, comedian or tragedian. It requires a trained education in the delivery of melodious verse, several popular low comedians for the intercalated play by Nick Bottom and his craftsmen companions, and half-a-dozen or so of clever children. It will be remembered that in the celebrated revival at the Princess's Theatre by Charles Kean there was no chance in the play for that celebrated actor and his gifted wife; so they devoted themselves to the decoration and the archæology, to the fairy revels and the moon-lit gambols of elves, and were contented to bring to the front Miss Burton, who was once called in a court of law by the veteran Walter Lacy, when giving evidence, "the Mrs. Nisbett of our day," and Miss Carlotta Lesclercq, one of the most beautiful actresses of her time, whose *Perdita* in "A Winter's Tale" will still be remembered by playgoers who have only just scored half a century. This Charles Kean revival, one of the most beautiful and poetical things he ever did, was also remarkable in that it brought before the stage as a lovely fairy Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), who with the aforesaid Carlotta Lesclercq was destined in after years to be the heroine of the most celebrated of the romantic productions of Charles Fechter. Nor was this all. On this occasion we saw as Puck the celebrated child actor, Ellen Terry, destined to become, like her sisters, Kate and Marion, among the greatest, if not the greatest, poetical actresses of the century. John Rymer and painter old Frank Matthews—for whose friendship, as well as that of his funny wife, it was always proud—and the true Shakespearian clown Harley and many more have passed away, but we have with us still out of the Charles Kean cast the first lady, Kate Terry, the second fairy, Rose Lesclercq, and the Puck, Ellen Terry.

It was probably on account of the failure of good acting parts that Henry Irving could never see his way to revive "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He, like Charles Kean, would have been compelled to stay out of the bill, but he, like Charles Kean, would certainly have been obliged to devote all his energies to making a spectacle and a poignant out of the play. No artistic manager has failed to recognise this important fact, and it seems to me a little curious that Mr. Augustin Daly should have been singled out for reproach for doing exactly what his predecessors have done, and what his successors will be bound to do until the end of time. Indeed, the revival was all the more interesting from the fact that Miss Ada Rehan, with artistic spirit and

good feeling, took the small part of Helena, and so gave a tone to the production which it would not otherwise have possessed. Fault could, of course, have been found here and there, but to hiss the play on this account, and to jeer at the manager who has spent so much time, trouble, and expense over, it seems a little childish and ungenerous. It cannot be forgotten that Augustin Daly worked hard at the Shakespearian drama in his own country long before America saw the glories of the Lyceum revivals. He was the pioneer of poetry, and a little the sands in days of long ago. So it looks a little unkind to turn round and read a Shakespearian student for doing for the American stage exactly what Mr. Keatsy, Charles Kean, and Henry Irving did for ours. The good intention was there, if the result did not always attain the glorious proportions of modern times.

Holiday visitors to London might do worse than look in to the Palace Theatre one of these summer evenings, for although the theatrical season is supposed to be over, the variety season is extremely flourishing. The attraction of the Palace is Miss Jessie Loftus, who has returned from America with added beauty, confidence, and art. Her imitations of Ada Rehan, Sarah Bernhardt, and Lety Lind are little masterpieces in their way, examples of an extraordinary and graceful talent; for, like an industrious bee, Miss Jessie Loftus sucks the honey out of these dramatic flowers, rejecting all that is tasteless or unrefined. Her imitations are truthful—never unkind. If an artist have a defect, she hides it. In fact, she takes the photograph and rubs out all the ugly lines. And Miss Lottie Collins has returned also with new songs and dances, thus proving it to be a libel that fine talent deteriorates in America. London refuses to remain unamused. Theatres close, actors go away for their recreation, but at the variety houses we can always find a lovely ballet, a clever artist, a funny singer, or a "terrible Greek," in the shape of an athletic wrestler. By the middle of August the London theatres will be in full swing again. On the 19th Miss Olga Netherfield will produce a version of the "Dunias" of Alexandre Dumas at the Grand, Islington, and early in September new plays will be ready for the Adelphi, the Garrick, the Royalty, and many more.

The Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society reports that the Centenary fund now stands at £64,262, of which £4000 has been paid. From this source has been met the adverse balance of over £5000, brought forward from last year.

Sir Francis Knollys has written to the Mayor of Southampton, stating that the Prince of Wales will be pleased to accept an address from the Mayor and Corporation on the occasion of his visiting the port to open the new graving dock. At the same time he regrets that he will not be able to be in the town sufficiently long to lay the foundation stone of the new grammar school. It is now arranged that the new dock will be opened on Aug. 3 at half-past one in the afternoon.

ART IN FINLAND.

Whatever may be the verdict on the literary value of *Finland in the Nineteenth Century* (P. T. Elgmann, Helsingfors), it is incontestably a very noteworthy production. The authors of the various articles are Finnish, and the illustrations are by Finnish artists, and although one or two of the latter have been reproduced elsewhere, the printing as well of the letterpress as of the pictures has been carried out wholly in Abo or Helsingfors, and so far as we can gather, the text, written by Elms, was originally written in English. The proficiency they display in writing, as well as the cleverness of many of the illustrations, are the more remarkable when we recall the facts that Finland practically exists only since 1809, and that for several months of each year it is almost wholly isolated from the rest of Europe, and might reasonably be supposed to be slow in feeling the influence of European thought. But from of old the Finnish people have been alert to what was passing in other countries, and as early as 1517 the Lutheran religion was adopted as the State religion, and has continued to be so under Swedish and Russian Governments. Finnish literature has for many generations borne a close analogy to that of Sweden, and until recently could scarcely claim a distinctive existence. In the present century, however, Jakob Juhon, a peasant's son, having passed a student's examination, threw himself into the work of creating a national literature by writing songs, which rapidly became popular. His example was contagious, and soon—under Gottfrid Lönnrot, and others—other claims of an independent literature were amply indicated. The art history of the country runs on similar lines. Gumborg, the sculptor, and Lauréns, the painter, although Finnish by birth, were Swedish in the treatment and direction of their art; but the year 1808, which established the political liberties of Finland, also saw the birth of Robert Ekman, who, after studying at Stockholm, took with the traditions of Swedish art, and founded at Abo a little drawing-school, which was destined to exercise a decisive influence on the national art. Leifgren, Holsberg, Lindholm, Ebelsh, are the names which for some time held the first place in public esteem. They had mostly been subjected to the influences of the Düsseldorf school of painting, which however, meritorious, has a tendency to dry up the enthusiasm of an artist's fancy; and it was the last-named, Ebelsh, who, throwing away his leading-strings, sounded the first note of "modernity"; and although some would claim in his art the selection of many French ideas, his popularity with his own countrymen has not been seriously injured. Gallén, a somewhat gloomy edition of Lucius, Westerholm, who follows in the footsteps of van Marcke, and Järnfeldt, the best and most original painter of atmosphere, have now firmly established the basis on which others may build without misgivings; and with the evidence afforded by this volume before our eyes, we can assert that Finnish art, both in painting and in sculpture, is a living and a national art. We cannot conclude without congratulating the editorial committee on their patriotic idea and on the successful way in which they have carried it into execution.

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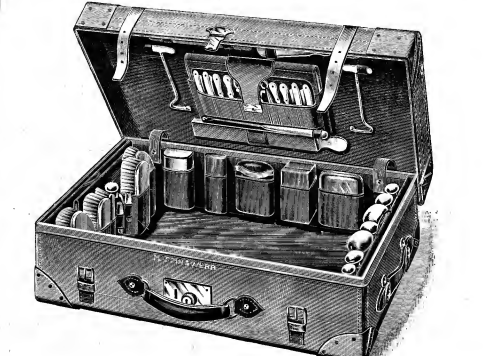
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